The Outlook

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The Outlook

Published Every Saturday

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TWO most encouraging reports regarding the success of recent prison reform laws were published last week. One of them comes from General Lathrop, the Superintendent of State's Prisons in New York State, and relates to the much-decried labor measure requiring convicts to be employed exclusively upon public work. Inasmuch as The Outlook published Labor Commissioner McDonough's reply to the predictions of the experts that this measure would drive the convicts to insanity through enforced idleness, and demanded a fair trial for the new law on the ground that all the inmates of public institutions might furnish work for convicts as easily as people outside these institutions furnished work for one another, it is especially gratifying to quote from the New York "Evening Post" Superintendent Lathrop's words respecting the workings of the measure:

> The present system of convict labor is a success. It not only furnishes employment for all the convicts in the State's prisons who are able to work, but also makes those institutions self-supporting. . . . None of the methods of employing convicts, during my administration of ten years, has been self-supporting with the exception of the new one. An enormous amount of money will be saved to the State by its operation. Nearly $800,000 worth of goods have been ordered from the prisons this year. Next year's trade will amount to $1,000,000. We sell at a price below that of the markets, so that the books of the institutions themselves show a net profit in making purchases from us.

The brightness of this history is in such extraordinary contrast with the darkness of the prophecies generally current when the friends of the old system still hoped to prevent a trial of the new, that we venture to question whether the present optimism of the Superintendent may not also be somewhat unwarranted. We must at least learn what is meant by the phrase "self-supporting" before we conclude that the new system has exceeded the fondest hopes of its friends. Nevertheless, when all reasonable deductions have been made, the report must be recognized as establishing the success of the great experiment. The other encouraging report to which we have referred relates to the new parole system in Indiana. Under this the judges impose indeterminate sentences, and the prison officials determine the length of the prisoners' terms within the minimum and maximum affixed by the law. When the behavior of the prisoner justifies it, and when a place is secured for him, he is released on parole, though liable to reimprisonment in case of bad conduct during the maximum term for which he could be confined. So, at least, the new system is described in the Chicago "Times-Herald," which reports that unexpected aid has been given the prison officials in finding places for the convicts, and that thus far no bad conduct has been reported for any of those paroled. These prisoners are not only really self-supporting, but are perhaps permanently added to the producing classes.

❀

The interesting portion of Secretary Bliss's report of the work of the Department of the Interior relates to Indian Territory and Oklahoma. With reference to the former he reports that inasmuch as the agreements thus far reached through the Dawes Commission with certain Indian tribes differ from one another, and inasmuch as a uniform system of government must eventually be provided for the whole Territory, he cannot recommend that any agreements now pending be ratified. While he does not recommend any action that seems to break faith with the five tribes, he calls attention to chaotic conditions that have arisen under their methods of business administration, and especially to the fact that leading Indians have absorbed great tracts of land to the exclusion of the common people and established government by

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an Indian aristocracy. He also points out that a white population now exceeding 200,000 has settled in the Territory with the permission of the Indian government, and improved farms and built up villages, which it holds merely as tenants by sufferance, without any legal status or property rights. In view of all these things, the Secretary urges that "no government for the Indian Territory will be satisfactory until Congress shall provide for a single uniform system for the entire Territory that shall place all of its inhabitants in possession of the rights of American citizens." With this conclusion it is needless to say that The Outlook heartily agrees. Each year the anomaly of Indian sovereignty within the American Republic increases; and now that the Indian domain itself contains four times as many white men as red men, the anomaly has become intolerable. The act of Congress passed in June, making our courts everywhere supreme and giving the President a veto over the acts of tribal councils, is a stride in the right direction which must be speedily followed by others. With reference to Oklahoma the Secretary reports that the population now exceeds 300,000, and that the percentage of foreign born is less than in any State in the Union. Despite the depression, the assessed valuation of property has increased from $20,000,000 in 1894 to $32,000,000 in 1897. There are 90,000 pupils in the schools.

❀

The President and Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad last week announced to the annual meeting of the stockholders that it had been decided to wipe out $20,000,000 of the reported assets of the company. The Revaluation Committee, it was explained, had found that the securities owned by the company and carried upon its books at their face value were worth less than this by $6,000,000, and that cars, engines, etc., carried on their books at their original cost were worth less than this by $14,000,000. In other words, the old management had reported as net earnings an aggregate of $20,000,000 which had not been earned at all. Old stockholders had received as dividends what was really a part of their principal, and new stockholders had bought non-existent property. To the old stockholders the injury done by these practices is a serious one, while to the new stockholders it amounts to downright fraud. Yet not only is there no redress for the wrongs done in the past, but there is no security against similar wrongs in the future. Our laws for the protection of property fail to make the property of railroad investors secure against the wrongful practices of railroad managers. The proper remedy has often been urged, but will never be adopted until the commonalty of small investors take the direction of business legislation into their own hands. The almost unrestricted power of railway managers to make returns in any way that suits their interests—for example, reporting repairs as new equipment when they wish to exaggerate earnings, or reporting new equipment as repairs when they wish earnings underestimated—enables them, through the stock exchanges, to fleece investors almost at will. It is not enough to say that small investors should refuse to play the rôle of lambs upon the exchanges. They cannot invest without playing this rôle, unless they, too, have inside information as to the actual condition of the property. The law should require uniformity of accounts, together with such full publicity and such liability of directors for misrepresentations as would place the smallest investor practically on a level with the most powerful director so far as knowledge of the earning capacity of the property is concerned. When this is done, dishonorable directors will be obliged to conform to the same principles which govern honorable directors, and the railroad industry will increase the wealth of small investors as conspicuously as it has heretofore concentrated it in the hands of the great speculators.

❀

While in England and France legislation is forcing all railway companies to insure all their employees, in this country a few roads are voluntarily trying to accomplish the same end through the organization of Relief Funds, intended for the mutual benefit of labor and capital. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was the first to organize such a plan in this country, establishing its fund in 1880. Since this time the Pennsylvania systems, both east and west of Pittsburg and Erie; the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad; the Plant system, and the Boston and Maine Railroad, in the order named, have put into operation schemes of this nature, and other of our leading roads are discussing the advisability of similar action. The Funds are distinct departments

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of the service, the expenses of maintaining them being borne by the companies. On the Pennsylvania lines the expenses of management are barely one-fifth of the benefit paid. The membership contribute, according to wages earned, from 75 cents to $3.75 a month. From the aggregate amount received benefits are disbursed to those suffering any kind of loss. Thus far at least, a payment of $3 a month has enabled the company to pay $1,000 in case of death, and from $11 to $14 a week in case of sickness or disablement by accident. The management provides competent medical men to look after the sanitary condition of cars, shops, and offices, and also the general surroundings and health of members. The five roads named have distributed through their Funds over sixteen million dollars in disablement and death benefits since organization. Over 50 per cent. of all the employees of these systems, which employ about two hundred thousand men (or nearly one-quarter of the railroad employees in the United States), are members; and as the advantages are observed the employees are fast enrolling with their respective organizations. The system at first was compulsory, but, this being objectionable to some of the men, it was changed so as to make it optional. The regulations provide for the setting aside of any surplus over and above benefits disbursed from contributions for the upbuilding of superannuation and pension funds, to which members are to be referred when title to benefits from Relief Fund ceases. The companies named have already laid aside a considerable fund, and are only waiting for amounts to be large enough to warrant the undertaking of this valuable accessory.

❀

What effect the return of Tammany to the control of the municipal government of New York will have on the problem of rapid transit for the city it is impossible to say with exactness. We hope the report that Tammany means to push it forward, in the hope of securing for some of its chiefs the contracts for building it, is true. But there is no little danger that the plan for an underground road or roads may be still further blocked and delayed. For while there is not a little opposition to the underground project on the part of honest and intelligent citizens and property-owners, by far the most powerful opponents are the three great corporations which practically control municipal passenger traffic in New York to-day—the Elevated Railway, the Metropolitan Traction Company (or Broadway cable road), and the Third Avenue Cable Company. Now these three great companies are suspected of maintaining close political and financial relations with Tammany Hall, and it is feared that they may avail themselves of the aid of Tammany, as they have in the past, in fighting any plan of municipal passenger traffic which threatens to curtail their monopolies and profits. It is safe to say that, theoretically, the underground system is the one that expert and intelligent observers consider the logical and scientific method of dealing with congested and dangerous street traffic; and already its superiority in physical and æsthetic comfort, as well as ease of operation, has had a practical and successful demonstration in Boston.

❀

Let any fair-minded man who is afraid that a tunnel under Broadway would be "a hole in the ground" ride once through the completed portion of the Boston "subway," from Park Street Church to Arlington Street, and he will at once be converted to advocacy of underground street railways for large cities. The Boston "subway" is bright, light, and clean. It is lined with white glazed bricks, lighted by electricity, free from dust, smoke, cinders, falling horses, frightened women and children, and the din of clanging alarm-gongs; it is protected from snow and excessive cold in winter, and from the sun and excessive heat in summer; the cars are delayed neither by fog, as our elevated trains sometimes are, nor by blocks of wagons, as our cable roads are constantly. The expense of building is another matter; but if the "solid citizens" and taxpayers of New York in 1800 could have seen the budget of expenditures for city gas-lamps, asphalt pavements, the Brooklyn Bridge, Central Park, and the Street-Cleaning Department, they would have shaken their heads in solemn dismay and would have voted for the other party. We venture the prophecy that in 1997 New Yorkers will look back with amazement to the time when their ancestors, generally admitted to be an energetic and progressive set of men, permitted an ugly, noisy, smoky, ill-smelling, oil-dropping, uncomfortable, badly ventilated and badly lighted steam railroad on stilts to cut off the

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light and air from their shops and dwellings, and ran heavy railway cars on the surface of their streets at a speed of ten miles an hour, knocking down their wives and daughters, smashing their carriages and laming their horses. It is useless to attempt to shut our eyes to the fact that street passenger transportation in the city of New York is to-day an unscientific and dangerous makeshift.

❀

The Citizens' Union of New York has decided to form a permanent organization to work on the lines laid down in its declaration of principles issued last February. The basis of the Citizens' Union movement is the development of municipal politics, which is a thing apart from that of State or Nation. The principles that dominate the several National parties do not hold in the administration of municipal affairs. To rescue the municipal departments from political deals; to enforce and enlarge the administration of these offices under civil service rules; to see to it that every department of municipal government is administered on sound business principles and in the interests of the dwellers in the city, and not made the battledore and shuttlecock of the two great machines that have used and will continue to use the offices of the great city to advance the interests of each party while it is possible, is to be the business of the Citizens' Union. It declares openly again, as it did the day after election, that it will support the administration of Mayor-elect Van Wyck so far as it is possible. That the Citizens' Union polled nearly 150,000 votes is acknowledged to be a victory rather than a defeat. Four years of organization, the purpose of which will be simply and solely to compel attention to the administration of municipal affairs in the interests of the citizens, to nominate and elect such men as can be trusted to administer the affairs of the city on a non-partisan basis, is the purpose of the Citizens' Union. That it has called into this organization some of the leading men of both parties, and notably young men, who certainly must be the followers of the political leaders of to-day, is its most hopeful achievement. The form of organization for the fnture has not yet been declared. It probably will follow the Assembly District plan of organization, subdividing into election districts. It doubtless will carry on an educational work in all the assembly districts, and will make special effort to reach young men who are not yet pledged to either party in such a way as to limit their independence.

❀

Philadelphia also is to have a "Citizens' Union" movement, with a programme similar to that of the New York organization. The immediate object in view will be the election of a Mayor in February, 1899, who shall appoint and retain public servants without regard to party affiliations. The Philadelphia movement is chiefly under the direction of independent Republicans, whose independence has been quickened by the scandals of the Penrose-Wanamaker contest for the Senatorship, the appointment of "Boss" Martin as Secretary of the Commonwealth, and the recent sudden conversion of Mayor Warwick to advocacy of the lease of the gas-works to the *lowest* bidder, though a year ago he declared that "whenever such property passes into private hands, it in time becomes an extortionate monopoly." The fact that at the last two elections the Republican party in Philadelphia has polled almost three times as many votes as the Democratic has led the Republican managers to feel that their power was almost unlimited; and in doing all they dared for their own interests under these conditions they have provoked a revolt. As in the Citizens' Union movement in New York, so in the meeting called by Provost Harrison in Philadelphia last week there was a strong feeling manifested that the private control of public franchises is the mainspring of the boss system and of the betrayals of the public interests by public officials. Ex-Attorney-General Wayne MacVeagh quoted with heartiest indorsement the remarks of ex-Mayor Pingree in New York the week before, in regard to the opposition they must be prepared to meet. Mayor Pingree said that though he was elected with the support of the influen tial classes, the owners of the street railroads turned against him when he required better service and lower fares, the owners of gas stock turned against him when he reduced the gas rates, the bankers turned against him when he cut down their profits from public deposits, and, in short, "Every time I corrected an abuse I lost a large and influential class of supporters." The Citizens' Union movement in Philadelphia, if it accepts Mr. MacVeagh's leadership—and the Municipal League has already indorsed his position—is prepared to reform abuses which will alienate certain corporate interests, but bring to

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its support public-spirited independents of every party and every rank in society. The Philadelphia movement starts out with a spirit which some day will give life to a great municipal party, and we trust that that day is near at hand.

❀

The elections in Utah demonstrated that a large element among the Mormons still retains an intense respect for the revelations of the Church leaders. That President Wilford Woodruff's demand at the October Conference that Mormons should unite in politics was taken as more weighty than the light talk of an old man was shown in the results in Salt Lake City. John Clark, the candidate for Mayor of the citizens, but a very devout Mormon and the undisputed Church candidate, was elected by a small majority. The Gentile vote and the Independent vote were divided among three candidates—all Gentiles. Mr. Clark was supported by the politicians whose names are always associated with Church politics, and the conclusion that the Church elected him is well supported. Every Gentile who was on the ticket with him was defeated. Every Gentile who was on the other tickets was seriously "scratched," and every Mormon running received a comparatively large vote. The same result was seen all over Utah. Ogden's administration, as well as Salt Lake's, will be in the hands of Mormons, though in each case the Gentiles form the bulk of the population. The City Council in each case, by a majority of Mormons, shows a result of religious voting. The tendency of Mormons to vote for men of their own faith has an important bearing on National affairs. It is not improbable that next year a Legislature may be elected in Utah which will be so overwhelmingly Mormon that a United States Senator will be chosen who will give his chief allegiance to the Church leaders.

❀

It is now four months since the new tariff law went into effect, and the deficit during this period has been $30,000,000. In the main this deficit has been due to the advance importations made during the last days of the Wilson Bill to avoid the higher duties now imposed; but as the loss to the Government from these advance importations was officially estimated at only $30,000,000, the new act must be said to have justified the fears of Senator Aldrich rather than the hopes of Mr. Dingley. How much longer a deficit is likely to continue cannot be determined from any statistics yet published by the Treasury Department. The trade returns last month showed almost the same amount of imports as those for October 1896, but probably there was a large falling off in the importation of such articles as sugar and wool, from which large revenues are expected under the present tariff. A discouraging feature of this situation, however, is that the prices of sugar and wool have risen as much as the duties—the proceeds from the rise going, not to the Government, but to the Sugar Trust and the factories which made advance importations before the new law went into effect. Secretary Gage's estimate that the Sugar Trust would thus be enriched at least $12,000,000 by the new tariff does not seem to have been exaggerated. Even after four months the customs revenues of the Government are averaging less than $400,000 a day, whereas they need to rise to $600,000 before the deficit disappears.

❀

Last week was a notable week in the intellectual history of the country. It furnished striking evidence of the steadily widening interest in educational matters in this country, and of the advance which American colleges are making in equipment and endowment. A new era of prosperity set in for Hamilton College, in this State, when Dr. Stryker accepted the presidency of the institution. He brought to the College enthusiasm, faith, executive ability, and an uncommonly effective gift of public speech. He has been enabled not only to build up the College from within, but, by his interpretation of its spirit and his urgent presentation of its needs, to awaken a new interest among its alumni and friends. These labors bore their fruit on Tuesday of last week, when two new buildings were formally presented to the College and dedicated to its uses. The Root Hall of Sciences is the gift of Mr. Elihu Root, a well-known lawyer of this city, and is a memorial to his father and mother. Mr. Root's father was for many years professor of mathematics in the institution, and a teacher of recognized skill and influence. The Benedict Hall of Languages was the gift of Mr. H. H. Benedict, of this city. Both these benefactors are graduates of the College, and both have set a fine example of making a return out of their success

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to the institution which fitted them to succeed. Hamilton College has had a very honorable history, and has done excellent service to the cause of the higher education in the State. It was for many years notable for its admirable oratorical teaching, and it is in every way fitting that its President should possess in a representative degree the gift of eloquence.

❀

Thursday was a red-letter day in the history of Mount Holyoke College. South Hadley has seldom seen a larger assemblage of graduates of one of the older and most useful of the higher institutions of learning for women—a pioneer in that field which is now so largely occupied and so thoroughly worked. It is not long since a fire destroyed the main hall of the College, and at the moment it seemed as if a great calamity had befallen the institution; but the fire was a fortunate one. It removed an inadequate building which the College had outgrown, but for which its alumnæ very naturally entertained a sentiment which would have been shocked if the building had been taken down and replaced by a more modern structure. In place of the old building Mount Holyoke now rejoices in six new buildings, of attractive, dignified architecture and intelligent adaptation to its needs. The Mary Brigham Hall was dedicated last June; five other buildings were dedicated on Thursday; four of them are dormitories, and the fifth, the Mary Lyon Hall, contains the chapel and the administrative offices. The dedication fell, with eminent appropriateness, on Founder's Day, and the devotion and enthusiasm of Mary Lyon seemed to bear, for the first time, an adequate visible fruit. The real fruit, however, of that ardent and consecrated life is to be found in the kindred spirit which it has kindled in the lives of so many graduates of Mount Holyoke. For it must never be forgotten that the real life of a college is in its teachers, students, and graduates, and never in its structures. It is quite essential, however, that educational work should have the proper housing and equipment, and the friends of Mount Holyoke will rejoice that the College has at last come to its own in these directions.

❀

In no college for women in the country has progress been more marked during recent years than at Wellesley, where the standards have been steadily advanced and the work broadened and deepened without advertisement or parade of any kind. Mrs. Irvine, the President, stands pre-eminently for that thoroughness which is the integrity of scholarship. Wellesley has long needed a chapel, and it has been anomalous that a college in which religious life had such prominence should lack the proper housing for religious exercises; but Wellesley has been content to do what she could with the means at hand, and her patience was rewarded on Monday of this week when the corner-stone of a new and beautiful chapel was laid with simple but appropriate ceremonies. On Friday of last week Vassar was laying the corner-stone of a much-needed and capacious recitation building, the gift of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, a trustee of the institution. The new building stands at right angles to the main building, and at the north and west of it, and in the immediate neighborhood of the two new dormitories, Strong Hall and Raymond Hall. Rockefeller Hall is substantial in character and simple in architecture, three stories in height, the lecture halls finished in green and white. The building contains about twenty class-rooms and two large lecture halls in the amphitheater form. President G. Stanley Hall delivered the oration. It is significant that among the elements which must enter into the higher education President Hall laid special emphasis upon health.

❀

With the death of Professor William S. Tyler, Amherst College loses one of its most familiar and charming personalities. Born in 1810, graduating from Amherst in 1830, with two years' study in the Andover Theological Seminary, Professor Tyler was licensed to preach and started for the West as a missionary in 1836. It is said that the condition of the roads induced the stage-driver to refuse to take his baggage, and that while he was waiting for the roads to settle he received an invitation to become a tutor at Amherst. He promptly accepted it, and remained an active member of the Faculty of the College until the summer of 1893, when he resigned. Professor Tyler was a born teacher. Those who studied the Greek language and literature under him were not limited, as were most students of Greek thirty and forty years ago, to philology and grammar, but were brought in contact with

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the Greek genius and the Greek character; for Professor Tyler was not only a scholar, he was also a man of fine literary instinct and of deep literary feeling. He transformed his scholarship into culture, and the quality diffused by his personality was perhaps his finest gift to his students. His own intellectual life was ardent and devoted. He was always feeding himself at the fountain-heads. His educational interests and affiliations were many, and to all of them he brought zeal, intelligence, and the highest educational aims. He was a contributor to the magazines on classical subjects; he edited various classics for school and college use; he wrote a history of Amherst College, and many of his occasional addresses were published. The influence of such a teacher constitutes the highest possession of a college, and his memory part of its best endowment.

❀

A few weeks prior to the recent election in this city Dr. Low tendered his resignation as President of Columbia University. The resignation was laid over, and was taken up again by the Trustees at their meeting last week, and by a unanimous vote Dr. Low was requested to withdraw it. Those who know Dr. Low know also that he entered the recent campaign at very great inconvenience to himself and from an imperative sense of duty. The same duty as plainly indicates to-day that he ought to continue the great work he has been doing as the head of Columbia University, and compliance with the urgent request of the Trustees of the University will give satisfaction to all those residents of New York who know what Columbia is doing and is likely to do for the higher life of the city. There is no more important position in Greater New York than that of the President of Columbia University.

❀

The approach of January 1, which will witness the birth of the new New York City, the consolidation of the five boroughs under one municipal government, draws especial attention to the condition of the schools. In New York there has been more or less agitation over the administration of the schools for the past year and a half. The passage of the Reform School Bill, the appointment of men pledged to carry out the spirit and letter of that bill by Mayor Strong to the Board of Education, the logical tests which were made necessary by the new bill, have been a source of agitation, in some degree of friction, and of interest both to those under the control of the Board of Education and to those who watched its decisions. The question of salaries in New York has been agitated, and the requirement that principals should pass an examination before receiving an increase of salary has been made the subject of protest. This has been felt by some principals to be a very great injustice, but it is the intention of the present Board of Education, which represents the sentiment of a large percentage of the most intelligent people in New York who are vitally interested in the administration of the schools, to make an appeal to the ambition of principals and teachers. Realizing that the accepted test of any teacher's ability is the salary received, the Board has endeavored to grade the salaries so that a test of the general culture of the teacher shall be made possible. The tests are such as will prove that professional progress is being made.

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In the current number of "McClure's Magazine" Mr. Theodore Waters explains at length the Edison revolution in iron-mining. He tells us that the world's annual output of iron ore does not reach sixty million tons, and the annual output of the United States is about fifteen million tons. Yet even within the two miles square surrounding the plant there is enough ore in the rocks to keep the whole world supplied for one year, even with the natural increase in demand. The production of low-grade ore, however, unless carried out on a gigantic scale, could not practically be carried out at all. Even those engineers used to large operations assured Mr. Edison that no machine could be constructed powerful enough to crush five, six, and seven-ton rocks, nor could any machine withstand the terrific jar which would result. Nevertheless Mr. Edison invented such machinery, and so completely that not even one hundred horse-power is required to reduce rocks weighing six and seven tons to dust in less than three seconds from the time they are thrown into the crushing-machine. What Mr. Edison has done, says Mr. Waters, has been to subdue to his service three great natural forces—momentum, magnetism, and gravity.

The big rocks are not, strictly speaking, crushed by the direct power of an engine or dynamo;

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momentum alone turns them into dust. No mechanism assists in the separation of the ore from the sand; magnetism does it all. Except for the elevators which raise the ore to the cupolas of the buildings, there is in many of them no machinery; gravity does all the work. In fact, the whole plant is a wonderful example of automatic action. Every part is connected with the other parts, and the aggregate is as compact and as self-sustaining as a modern rotary printing-press, and is even less dependent on human agency for assistance. From the time the ore is blasted, with its native rock, out of the mountain-side until it is loaded in the form of commercially pure iron briquettes on the cars, it is not touched by human hands.

We are told that the steam-shovels have a capacity for lifting ten tons of free rock a minute, while the plant's crushing capacity is one-fifth greater than that of all the stamp-mills in California, or "enough to level in an ordinary lifetime the proudest of mountain peaks;" while the magnets have enough combined pulling capacity to raise a modern great gun clear from its deck-facing and drop it over the side of the vessel into the sea." The sand-ore is mixed with an adhesive material and made into briquettes about three inches in diameter. Twenty-eight hundred of these are contained in one ton. An average freight-car holds twenty tons. Thus seventy-five car-loads of pure iron are wrested daily from heretofore worthless rock—a well-deserved triumph for the inventor, and a blessing to mankind.

❀

The somewhat unexpected football victory of Yale over Princeton last Saturday by a score of 6 to 0, and the not altogether unexpected victory of Pennsylvania over Harvard on the same day by a score of 15 to 6, marked the height of football enthusiasm for the year. A humorous paragrapher lately made a visitor to New York on election night say in surprise, "Why, the people are almost as much excited as if it were a football match!" Certainly the popular interest in the great university games is astonishing. The newspapers give a good deal more space to the subject than they did to the most critical battles of the Græco-Turkish war, and the captains of the teams are much better known by name to the majority of New Yorkers than are the potentates of the smaller European States. One is almost tempted to add that the games are sometimes more stubbornly contested than were some of the battles of the last European war. It is said with general truth that the most important football games are freest from serious accident, as the players are in a high degree trained and skilled athletes. Nevertheless, in the New Haven game two of Princeton's men were so injured as to be compelled to withdraw, and in one of these cases the player was kept in the game long after it was evident that he was in no condition to be exposed to rough handling. In this connection it may be noted that the Georgia Legislature has passed the anti-football bill of which we lately spoke, and it is thought that the Governor will let it become a law. It forbids, as we understand it, match games played with an entrance fee. An odd side-light on athletics is thrown by two or three letters in the press declaring that Harvard's recent defeats have been due to the fact that family and social prestige has been given too much weight in selecting the candidates for the teams, nines, and crews.

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Many and intricate as are the subjects now under discussion between Canada and the United States, the actual present situation may be stated in a few words: Canada is unwilling to agree to our proposals as to the seals unless she receives some reciprocal advantage in return for her temporary renunciation of her unquestioned legal rights as to the seals; on the other hand, our Government has proposed that both nations now agree to suspend all killing of seals for the next season, and offers in return for such an immediate agreement to enter into a formal conference with representatives of Canada upon all other questions. This proposition, formulated by General Foster for our Government, is now under consideration at Toronto, whither Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his associates have returned, and indications are that it may be accepted. The recent conference of sealing experts at Washington ended without any recommendation as to future action, for the precise reason that Canada is absolutely unwilling to take up this question alone and to the exclusion of others which she considers, not unnaturally, of more material interest to herself. The experts, however, agreed upon certain propositions about the seals, which may be summarized as follows:

That the Pribylof herd has declined in numbers from 1884 to 1897; that the number was formerly three to five times that which now exists; that the death-rate among pups is great, not more than one-half to one-third surviving to

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the age of three years; that land killing of males, as now practiced, does no harm to the herd; that pelagic sealers respect the limitations of the law; that pelagic sealing has lately fallen off in greater ratio than the herd has, thus producing a tendency toward equilibrium in numbers; that pelagic sealing involves indiscriminate killing; that the herd is not in danger of actual extermination so long as its haunts on land are protected and the protected zone is maintained; that both land and sea killing now yield an inconsiderable profit either to the lessees or to the pelagic sealers themselves.

These conclusions, if not contradictory, are at least evidently a combination of claims and concessions on the two sides.

❀

The Cuban insurgents give no sign of willingness to accept Spain's offers of autonomy. Absolute independence is still demanded, and Spanish promises are regarded with distrust. General Roderiguez seems to express the general determination of his fellow-insurgents in a proclamation in which he declares that they are as eager to fight against General Blanco as against General Weyler. Just what Spain really offers is a matter of doubt. One account outlines a surprisingly generous scheme, far in advance of anything heretofore proposed in Spain; it includes two Cuban Parliamentary chambers, the lower chosen by popular vote, the higher to control taxes and expenditure, and even the tariff; and a Governor-General "to be responsible" to the Parliament—which seems to mean that he could be compelled to resign by an adverse majority, and certainly that he should not have an absolute veto; while Spain would control the army and navy and international affairs, and all "laws of a national character," which might mean a great deal. The relations between the United States and Spain have been made a little more amicable by the release of the Competitor prisoners. These four men (three being Americans and the other English) went to Cuba in April of last year, in the filibustering schooner Competitor; they were captured, tried by naval court martial, sentenced to death, and have since been held to await a new trial ordered from Spain. Their release and return to this country shows a desire on the part of Sagasta's Government to remove a source of irritation between the two countries. A new President has been elected by Cuban representatives from the different provinces at a meeting on November 4; his name is Bartolome Masso.

Austria has thrown off the paralysis which has overtaken the Great Powers in their attempt to deal with Turkey, and has shown how successful a straightforward, strong-handed, outspoken policy may be in dealing with the evasive Government at Constantinople. An Austrian subject at Mersina, in Asia Minor, was maltreated some time ago, and Austria promptly demanded that certain Turkish officials should be deposed, the victim of the outrage indemnified, and the Austrian flag saluted. The usual Turkish policy began immediately to uncoil its cumbrous length. There were evasions, promises, delays; and if Austria had been content to go the old feeble way of the Great Powers, she would have added another star to the recent constellation of Turkish successes. But Austria did precisely what a sensible, businesslike Government would do under such circumstances; she gave the Turkish Government a reasonable time and she then cut short Oriental procrastination and evasion by abruptly announcing that if her demands were not met with on a certain day close at hand, an Austrian fleet would bombard Mersina. Thereupon, as always happens when this kind of treatment is applied, the Turks conceded everything which Austria asked. The affair is one of minor interest, but it is highly suggestive in view of recent occurrences of larger interest. It throws a new and picturesque light on that concert of Europe which Lord Salisbury lately compared to a steam roller. He forgot to add that the only thing which the roller has succeeded in doing as yet is the crushing of the Greeks.

❀

The telegram from London telling of serious tension between Russia and Japan, because of the Czar's efforts to control the Korean finances, and adding that some of the "leading Japanese ministers [of State] are urging the adoption of strong measures, even to the extent of war with Russia," should not cause any special concern in this country. It is more than doubtful if any of the Japanese Cabinet are really advocating such a foolish measure as war with Russia, for the Japanese are not puffed up with conceit at the recent victory over China to the extent of believing that the Japanese army and navy are able to cope successfully with such a foe as Russia. It is well known to those who have been in Japan during the past ten years that the

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younger officers of both arms of the service are eager for such an experience as a war with one of the big nations, and that the desire to make the glory of Japan's arms shine beyond the sea is a common and extremely popular feeling with the masses. It has been such for centuries, and was heard distinctly several times since the opening of the country in 1857 before the Chinese war. It is more than likely that the time will come when this feeling will assert itself so strongly as to carry away even the cool-headed leaders, and when it does the result is likely to be disastrous to the Japanese, if the foe they pitch upon be Russia. As to the suggestion of Marquis Ito "that Great Britain, the United States, and Japan make joint representations to Russia on the subject of Korea," it will be the part of wisdom for us to keep out of the affair altogether.

❀

The appointment of Baron Nishi to the position of Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Japanese Cabinet, which has recently been announced by cable, would seem to imply the retirement of Count Okuma, who has been the real leader of the Ministry. He has for a considerable time, besides his duties at the Foreign Office, had charge of the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, but if he found it necessary to retire from the Foreign Office he would hardly care to remain in what has been hitherto a secondary position. Judging by the latest advices from Japan, it seems at least probable that the cause of this important change is to be found, not in any dissatisfaction with Count Okuma's foreign policy, but rather in a temporary revival of the provincial spirit from which Japanese politics have suffered ever since the restoration. It is reported that the Satsuma clan is reasserting itself and is seeking to control the Administration. Those who have followed the history of Japan during recent years are aware that until the present Cabinet came into power the Government has been in the hands of a syndicate of the Satsuma and Choshu clans; that, whatever changes there might be in the personnel of the successive ministries, they were alike in this, that both clans were represented, and usually in nearly equal strength. Statesmen from other clans were often appointed to more or less responsible positions, but they were always subordinate to the so-called Sat-Cho statesmen.

The present Cabinet was formed by an alliance between the Satsuma contingent and the Progressives, as the radical party is called. Count Okuma, who resigned the leadership of the Progressives in order to take office (for custom requires the Cabinet to be non-partisan in name at least), has steadfastly adhered to the principles which marked his course while in opposition. His former lieutenant, Mr. Kono, one of the most prominent men in public life, has recently revived the old war-cry, "Down with clan government," and has drawn about him in a new party some fifty members of the lower house. His history and public services give him large influence, and it is probable that there is some connection between this effort to reorganize the radical party and the reported appointment of Baron Nishi. Count Okuma is without much doubt preparing to resume the active leadership either of his old party or of the new party which is gathering around the standard which Mr. Kono has raised. This presages a new conflict in the Diet, and another step toward the distinct recognition of the supremacy of the lower house in matters of administration. It is already practically settled that no ministry can maintain itself against a hostile Diet after an appeal to the people, but its dependence upon the lower house is not yet definitely recognized. The notion of a responsibility to the crown is still emphasized in the utterances of the respective Ministers, but it is becoming more and more manifestly a figment under the cover of which something equivalent to the British form of party government is to be ushered in.

❀

London's great fire on Friday of last week was the most destructive (with the possible exception of one in 1887) the English metropolis has seen since that fire of the time of Charles II. in memory of which the famous and ugly Monument "rears its tall head and lies." That which was and still remains the Great Fire *par excellence* began not very far from the site of the one still smoldering as we write. A network of narrow, crooked streets in a densely crowded part of the City itself, lined with warehouses filled with combustible goods, occupies the region north of the General Post-Office, not far from Thackeray's Charter-house School, and near Aldergate Street. Here the fire started from causes unknown, and before it was stopped buildings and

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goods to the value of from ten to twenty million dollars were destroyed. It is gratifying to add that there was no loss of life. It is also pleasant to know that the historic church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, was saved, although it was once actually on fire. This is at least the third narrow escape from fire of this fine old church, which has foundation walls dating from the time of William Rufus, and even including some fragments of the Roman Wall. Within its walls (the present structure dates from 1545) lie buried Milton, Fox, of the "Book of Martyrs" fame, and Frobisher, the gallant Arctic explorer; and here De Foe was baptized and Cromwell married. The recent conflagration was peculiarly hard to deal with because of the crowded, narrow streets. It is more than probable that the burned district will be built anew with wider avenues and more open space. The London Fire Department is generally efficient and its men brave, but it still clings to some antiquated methods, and might well adopt some of those long in use in New York and other American cities. It is surprising, for instance, to learn that an alarm in such a quarter as this brought at first only one engine, and that the others were summoned by messengers! So great was the danger from fire in this district that it is said that the insurance losses are less than might be expected, for the simple reason that the risks had been in many cases refused or so large a premium asked that the owners preferred to insure themselves. English and Continental cities have long boasted that solid methods of building made them less liable to fire than American cities, and it is true that the average loss is smaller. Such fires as that of last week show that every great city is in constant danger, and no money is better spent than that used for the best modern safety appliances and for the training of firemen.

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If the Memoirs said to have been written by Thomas W. Evans, who died in Paris last week, are ever published, they should abound in immensely interesting reminiscences. Dr. Evans had lived in Paris for half a century. His remarkable skill in dental surgery—he became known almost better by the phrase "the American dentist of Paris" than by his own name—was the means of introducing him to most of the royal families of Europe (one writer says that he had treated every royal family in Europe, from Queen Victoria's to the Sultan's) and to an immense number of people of note in diplomatic, literary, and social circles. As he was a man of rare tact, broad generosity, and wise counsel, his personal qualities brought him not a few opportunities of public usefulness. The story of his taking the Empress Eugénie away from Paris after Sedan in his cab is a familiar one. She went, it is said, to his lodgings with a friend, having left her palace in such fright that she had only three francs in her pocket. Dr. Evans, with great courage, saved her from falling into the clutches of the infuriated mob, and smuggled her through the military lines and thus to England. Napoleon III. long trusted Dr. Evans, and often made use of his knowledge of men and things. It is probable that his advice had great weight in deciding Napoleon's wavering mind against the recognition of the Confederate States. At the time of our Civil War Dr. Evans spent some time in a careful survey of military and hospital conditions in the South, and was able to assure Napoleon that in the end the cause of the Confederacy must fail. It is pleasant to record of this brilliant and successful man that, though so long a resident of a foreign city, he was an intensely patriotic American, and that his aid was constantly extended to his fellow-countrymen abroad who were in difficulty and distress. One great example of this was his founding the Lafayette Home in Paris, now consisting of two buildings, accommodating perhaps 400 people. Here, for a moderate price, American women studying in Paris may find a comfortable home.

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If reports are to be trusted, M. Zaimis, the new Premier of Greece, intends to take drastic remedies to secure the reorganization of that distracted country. It is announced that he is to undertake a thoroughgoing reform of all the public services. It is proposed to dismiss all officials of every kind and to reappoint only those who are thoroughly competent, with the understanding that the new appointees are to hold their places during good behavior. This is the most trenchant dealing with the spoils system which the world has yet seen. In Greece that system has long been the curse of public life, as it has been the curse of public life in this country. The Deputies, instead of studying and discussing public questions, have devoted their time to securing official appointments and to the distribution of the spoils. If the

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Premier carries through his reform, he will not only put the public service of Greece on a sound footing, but he will also relieve the Greek legislators of a work which has withdrawn their attention from their proper functions. It is to be noted in passing that the spoils system, which has sometimes been defended in this country on the ground that it was American, is a thoroughly Greek institution; it is also a Turkish institution and a Russian institution.

❀

Thanksgiving

The freshness and fullness of the sense of gratitude for the blessings which make life itself a supreme blessing depend upon a constant realization of the presence of God. He who discerns the hand of God only at intervals and in special events and experiences will have occasions for thanksgiving, but will never know that deep and growing joy of thankfulness for illimitable opportunities of spiritual growth. It is fitting that all visible prosperities of field and shop and public health and private fortune should be formally and publicly accredited to that beneficence which is to human successes of all kinds what the sky is to the earth. Such general recognitions of the loving-kindness of God, and of our dependence upon him, are not only proper expressions of the religious feeling of the community, but they are also educative in a high degree. They accustom men to associate their blessings with an infinite giver.

But it is a misfortune when the emphasis on special prosperities, on abundant harvests, on spreading commerce, conveys the impression that God is in some experiences and not in others; that he is with us in prosperity but withdrawn from us in adversity. It is natural and right to rejoice in what we call good fortune; to be glad when skies are clear and winds are with us; but God is in our sorrows as truly as in our joys; in our losses as truly as in our gains; in our storms as truly as in our peace. Not until we feel ourselves forever in his presence, and know that he is in all things and that all things come from his hand, do we enter into that conception of life which makes it, in all phases and experiences, a glorious gift of love. One needs to remember but a little of his own life, or of the lives of others, to recall apparent prosperities which have soon become great adversities, and apparent losses which have later turned into great gains. Many a man has found the victorious enemy of his spiritual life in the material success which has come to him; and many a man has laid in darkness and sorrow the foundations of noble spiritual achievements; for what appears to be a crushing misfortune is often the stepping-stone to an illustrious career.

Material and spiritual prosperity are sometimes far apart, and it is this severance which makes it impossible to discriminate between the happenings of life with such intelligence as to separate the prosperous from the calamitous, and so to receive some as good gifts and thank God for them, and some as adversities and bear them in silence or with words of protest and impatience. Life is too great to make it possible for us to judge it from day to day, and God's purposes are too vast to make it possible for us to trace and read them year by year. If we knew on each recurring Thanksgiving Day exactly what relation external events bore to our moral and spiritual fortunes, we should often sit in ashes in what appeared to be our prosperity, and go with singing in our hearts through what seemed to be our calamities. For the sting which stirs a man into heroic life is better than the ease which lures him into slothfulness; and the dangers and sorrows which evoke sacrifice, patriotism, and heroism in a nation are better far than the wealth which breeds an ignoble selfishness and the power which brings insolence and injustice with it.

Special occasions of thanksgiving serve their highest ends when they lead us to that constant thanksgiving which springs from the conviction that we are always in the presence of God; that our times are always in his hands; and that to those who love and serve him all things, in all places, at all times, work together for good; for the supreme blessing of the human soul is not what God sends, but what God is.

❀

The Soul of Goodness

The soul of goodness is love; for it is out of love that goodness issues, and it is in love that goodness culminates. There are other motives which incite to goodness, but they aid and foster, they do not create it. Without love there may be good actions, but there cannot be goodness; as a quality, goodness must be rooted in love. Most men are still

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so far from a true conception of love that they suspect it of certain inherent possibilities of weakness, and strive to steady and invigorate it by bringing to its aid the ideas of law and duty; not discerning that love carries in its heart a law far more searching and inexorable than any that was ever graven on tables of stone or written in statute-books, and that duty, in the sense of obligation to serve, is its daily life. The severity of Christ, the teacher of love, is more terrible than that of the sternest Old Testament lawgiver, because the test he applies not only tries conduct but searches motive. The law is satisfied when restoration is made or the penalty paid; it cannot go further. But to love, which searches the heart as with a lighted torch, these are only the external signs of repentance; it cannot rest short of a complete cleansing of the spirit. With a severity born of a passionate determination to make the best in every man supreme, it will accept nothing less than final and lasting purification.

No quality of the infinite love is more divine than its ability to bear and to impose suffering; it would rather the loved one were slain than dishonored; rather he were tortured than stained. In Mr. Watts's beautiful picture love is leading life up the steep pathway, over the stones that bruise and pierce, with infinite gentleness but with inexorable purpose. For love can lead where law cannot drive, and love can win where law is powerless to force obedience. For love has resources with which law is not armed; it has the fellowship of burden-bearing and suffering. It asks no one to go where it is not ready to go itself. By its very nature it takes in the experience of one whom it strives to reclaim or correct, and in the anguish of the repentance which it compels it often sweats great drops of blood. Law declares the guilt of the world and imposes its penalty; love carries the consciousness of that guilt home to the deepest nature, compels not only the forsaking of the sin, but the rebirth, with all its pangs, of the soul of the sinner, and walks step by step through the humiliation and bitterness of repentance, restitution, and recovery. It shares the shame and anguish long after the law has run its course and is satisfied. It compels the guilty to confess and restore with an inexorableness more terrible than that of law itself; but it does not leave the offender in the dark; it goes to prison with him, wears the garb and does the work of punishment with him; and when he has cleansed himself, welcomes him back to life and duty when all faces are turned away.

There is nothing so terrible as the insistence of love on perfect righteousness. It cannot compromise; it is powerless to accept anything less, because it has a consuming desire to bring out the last and final touch of nobleness in the soul it loves. They have not known the divinest secret of love who have not suffered from its inflexible idealism, its inexorable determination to get the best and the most out of the loved one. Many a husband has rebelled in feeling against his wife's faithful loyalty to his own noblest nature, and has come at last, in the clearer vision of his own growth, to reverence that insistence upon the best in aim, conduct, and habit as the very highest form of tenderness. It is not easy to live under the same roof with any ideal of what one ought to be and to do; but there comes a time, in such companionship, when the very roof is sacred because it has sheltered it. One must be good indeed before he can live at ease with a great love. For this reason Calvary is more awful than Sinai, and the patient sufferings of Christ more appalling than all the thunderings of the lawgivers. For love is not only all tenderness, forgiveness, and service; it is also all severity, sanity, duty, righteousness. It is far stronger and safer than law, because it is far more searching and inexorable.

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Baptism and the Lord's Supper

The Baptist Congress is a body without any ecclesiastical authority. The facts, therefore, that the question of so-called "close communion" was vigorously discussed in that Congress last week—a brief report will be found on another page—and that some prominent clergymen in the Baptist Church declared frankly their belief that baptism is not a prerequisite to the Lord's Supper, are without ecclesiastical significance. But they are not without theological significance. The Congress would have had no power, by any utterance, to change the common law of the Church on this subject. But the frank avowal of disbelief in the principle of that law is important because it shows a tendency of public opinion in the Church toward the English position.

The term "close communion" is infelici-

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tous, if not unjust, as applied to the Baptist denomination. The view of that Church respecting the relation of baptism to the Lord's Supper does not differ in principle from that traditionally held by the Churches of Christ generally, Catholic and Protestant. That view is substantially as follows: The Lord's Supper is a Church ordinance; only members of Christ's Church can properly partake of it; baptism is another Church ordinance, and is necessary to admission to Christ's Church; therefore only the baptized can partake of the Lord's Supper. If the premises be granted, the conclusion logically follows. The Baptist Church differs from other Christian Churches, not in its conception of the relation of baptism to the Lord's Supper, but in its definition of baptism. According to its conception nothing is baptism except immersion based on an intelligent confession of faith in Christ by the person immersed. Therefore only those who have been so immersed can properly be admitted to the Lord's Table.

There is no inclination on the part of any Baptists to surrender the Baptist definition of baptism. They all hold, and hold as strongly as ever, the doctrine that Apostolic baptism was a symbolic expression of repentance and faith, and that to baptize infants who can neither repent nor exercise faith is a change of the original ceremony from its original purpose. Historical scholarship abundantly confirms this contention. Infant baptism was unknown in the Apostolic Church. It was introduced into the Church at a post-Apostolic date. It has completely changed the significance of the rite. The change can be justified only on the ground that no rite is of the essence of Christianity, and that the same spirit of Christian liberty which allowed the Christian Church to dispense with circumcision allows it to change baptism from a symbolic act of faith by a penitent to a symbolic act of consecration by a parent.

But while historical scholarship has proved the Baptist right in his contention that primitive baptism was adult baptism, administered generally if not always by immersion, it has proved, not the Baptist only, but all the churches to be wrong in their traditional view of the relation between baptism and the Lord's Supper. The Lord's Supper is not, in strictness of speech, a Church ordinance. It is the Passover transformed, and the Passover was a family rather than a Church festival. The lamb might be, and originally was, sanctified by the father, not by a priest. The first Lord's Supper was celebrated before the Christian Church was organized, for that organization dates from Pentecost, possibly from Easter, certainly not from before the Resurrection; for the Resurrection is historically the basis of the Church. Christ required for admission to the table only one condition—a loving remembrance of him. Not one of the eleven who sat at the table with him had received, so far as we can judge, Christian baptism, and probably only four of them were baptized by John the Baptist. It is true that in the early Church generally those who united with the Church were baptized, and generally only those sat down at the Supper of the Church who were members of the Church. But there is no authority for erecting this national custom into a divine statute. No baptism of any kind is a prerequisite to the communion; the only prerequisite is love for Christ and loyalty to him. It is probable that always the vast majority of those who love and are loyal to Christ will be baptized. But it is certain that always there will be some loving and loyal souls who will never have received baptism, neither by immersion nor by sprinkling, neither in adult age nor in infancy—neither, that is, in Apostolic fashion, nor in that adopted by the Church at a later date. The Church has no authority to exclude such from the communion-table. The only invitation which Christ authorizes is that which he used: "Do this in remembrance of me." The door to this memorial supper he has opened to all who love him and are loyal to him; and the door which he has opened no one has a right to close. And each disciple is to decide for himself what love and loyalty require; it is not to be decided for him by others. This is the position of the English Baptists; this is the position toward which the Christian Church is gradually tending; and the recent discussion in the Baptist Church Congress indicates that the Baptist Church in America may yet lead the way toward this more spiritual and less legalistic view of the relation of baptism to the Lord's Supper and of both to the Christian life.

It is impossible to walk across so much as a road of the natural earth, with mind unagitated and rightly poised, without receiving strength from some stone, flower, leaf, or sound, nor without a sense as of a dew falling on you out of the sky.—*Samuel Johnson.*

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The Spectator

The Spectator was recently asked, "What is a quidnunc?" In reply he related an anecdote. A country parson was enjoying the rare stimulus of a visit from an old college mate, with whom he sat up late on themes of deep philosophy. In their animated discussions there was some gesturing, and the study lamp threw darkly upon the window-shade some vigorous movements of an arm. Just then a belated passer-by, attracted by the unusual phenomenon of the lighted window, looked up, and imagined the enactment of a family scene. Next day the village began to get the news: "What do you think now? I saw our parson last night beating his wife!" Great was the scandal, until inquiry by the more judicious pricked the bubble of rumor. That is the quidnunc—a human being, of epicene gender, devoted to abating any dearth of fresh intelligence concerning other members of the community. The name is not now in use as much as formerly. Pope in his "Dunciad" speaks of "the clubs of Quidnuncs" as dear to "the Great Mother," Dullness. It seems that the name was given to members of certain political clubs, who were in the habit of asking, "What news?"—in the Latin phrase, *Quid nunc?* Once, at least, these sons of Dullness performed a signal service to the world.

> Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts and men,

lacking a daily newspaper, seems to have been a community of quidnuncs, devoting their leisure, as St. Luke says in the Acts, to "hearing and telling some new thing." To those "venerable quidnuncs," as Hawthorne would say, the philosophic quizzers who buttonholed St. Paul with the staple Athenian question, What now? the world owes that masterly homily with which he favored and puzzled the Areopagus.

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By this reference to Athens the Spectator would correct any inference from his preliminary anecdote in the line of the common but erroneous opinion that gossipers, like mosquitoes, especially infest the rural districts. The quidnunc flourishes alike in city and country, but with this difference, that in the city he takes a wider if not higher range. So good an observer as Vergil assigns to the goddess, or, as St. Paul would say, the demon, Rumor, an especial activity in cities: *magnas territat urbes.* In fact, it was to the city of Thessalonica that St. Paul addressed a caution to "busybodies"—the Biblical term for quidnuncs. The leisurely arithmetician who figures up the world's tobacco bill might well amuse himself in figuring the telegraph bill for gratifying the curiosity of Philadelphia with such facts as that a five-legged calf was dropped in Bosnia, and that Cowboy A will survive his load of buckshot from Cowboy B in Montana. Novelettes, to be sure, assign to the village dressmaker the character of the peripatetic quidnunc, with her ambulatory report of neighbor to neighbor. The city Daily outdoes her with its society column, court record, obituary and wedding lists, and accounts of other things which, as Mr. Joshua Billings said, "ain't so." The Spectator hesitates to refer to the Dorcas societies—those mysteries of the *Bona Dea*, from which persons clad in trousers are excluded. But he is confident that their confabulations, if reported, would show the news-mongering quidnunc to be no less an urban than a rural fact. Lest, however, this reference be resented, the Spectator hastens to declare the professional quidnunc, that walking delegate of social curiosity, the reporter, to be usually a male person. Of such sort are the matters which our news-gluttons demand report of, and such the hardihood requisite for getting at them, that only male persons would do for it, as for bush-whacking or slugging.

❀

The news-reporter is a modern exemplification of the old saying that it takes many men to make one man. The Spectator has endeavored to discover when this specialization of function originated, wherein the once diffused social activity of a community of quidnuncs, as at Athens, has become the professional charge of a few. In the early part of the eighteenth century he has discovered one Curll, described by Pope's physician, Arbuthnot, as "one of the new terrors of death," who was wont, upon the decease of a distinguished person, to publish a catchpenny story of his life. Collectors of that sort of literature which is now rare and therefore high-priced, because, as one has said, "it was always worthless," might well collect these Curll papers for use when the time comes to write up a history of reporting and reporters. Further back than this the Spectator has thus far found nothing. Of course there is Xen-

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ophon's *Memorabilia* of Socrates, but this, like Boswell's Johnson, is not of the quidnunc kind. Such reporters as Xenophon and Boswell are interested in their great subject whether the world cares for it or not. The quidnunc cares only for the news-hunger for things however trivial or base, by supplying which he lives.

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The copy-book phrase, "The pen is mightier than the sword," has given the Spectator some serious thoughts. What big game have not our modern Nimrods bagged by this bloodless instrument of spoliation—as by crooked bookkeeping, by forging notes, by robber telephone charges, by the creation of fictitious capital for grinding out of the people usurious gains! Likewise the pencil and notebook of the reporter are now become more fearsome to personal and domestic privacies than ever was the sword to ancient sanctuaries, safeguarded as they were by the awe of deities now dead. The Spectator has not found in literature a more lifelike simile than Isaiah's comparison of Jerusalem besieged to "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." How the runners lay hold of every point and poke into every crevice! Thus the professional quidnuncs besiege the mansion where hides the object of the public news-hunger. Like Death, they knock impartially at cottage and at palace doors. Has anybody called the occupant a heretic?—what has he to say for himself? Is the League for Lauding Lovely Ladies proposing to make his grandmother a public fixture in marble?—what are his objections? Has scandal smirched some erring child whom the family would screen?—pump the servants, the neighbors, for fact or fiction about it. Prohibited now are the pillory, the stocks, the public hanging, but the debased appetite turns for its food to the reporter's pencil. What the Roman sage said in a time of tyranny, the wise now say in this tyrannous publicity, "He has lived well who has escaped notice."

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The most modern variety of the quidnunc, the so-called interviewer, has been depreciatingly described by Dr. Holmes as "a product of over-civilization." His emergence into the British world was bitterly resented as a new and dreadful development of "American impertinence." To the prophetic British eye it was the rising out of the sea of the little cloud like a man's hand, soon to darken all the sky with wind and rain. But the Spectator has observed him now naturalized even there, and sooner than even our convenient baggage-checks. No wonder, indeed, when much more questionable American products—such barbarous words as "resurrected" and "electrocuted"—have been adopted into the most exclusive British circles, as in recent issues of the "Saturday Review." The Spectator would humbly amend Dr. Holmes's dictum—believing that the case is one of over-luxuriance, not of over-civilization—a thing hardly possible. The excesses which the Spectator in his duty notes, as the Chinese are careful to draw a line on the neck for the decapitating sword, have their proper place in the evolutionary process of the world. Nature has to secure the fittest lives by providing an excess of lives for natural selection to choose from. As for the less fit, whether rhinoceroses or some equally pachydermatous reporters,

> They have their day and cease to be;

a sign of which, like the rainbow after the flood, the Spectator has noted in the recent award by a British jury of £500 damages to a lady aggrieved by a false report of her as intending marriage.

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The Spectator believes, however, that the instinct both of the reporter and of those whose curiosity he feeds is a natural and healthy instinct to know more of human life. "The proper study of mankind is man." Not repression but direction is therefore the desideratum for the evolution of the ideal quidnunc. The governing power of civilization is public opinion, and this can be healthy only in the light of publicity for all that concerns the public welfare. Good that is doing or needs doing, the well-imitable or improvable things, the neglected needs of justice, service and sympathy, the humble interests forgotten in the world's rush, the social defects and wrongs that use has sanctified—these, instead of the trivialities, idiosyncrasies, and privacies of life, demand the revival of the Roman *censor morum*, and call for Burns's "chiel amang you taking notes," in the person of the judicious and courageous reporter.

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The Church of the Future

By the Rev. William J. Tucker, LL.D.[1]

President of Dartmouth College

I ASSUME that you are quite as well aware as I am that the subject which you have assigned to me is full of temptation. Happy is the man who can discuss the Church, even the Church of the future, without "falling into many foolish and hurtful" disputations "which war against the soul." I make no attempt to avoid the difficulty, except it be to affirm, at the outset, our agreement with all believers in Christ at the essential point.

The Church of the future must be the Church. In this, I say, we are all as clearly agreed as are those who are known by distinction as Churchmen. The revolt against ecclesiasticism on our part has never led us to accept any weak and shifting substitute for the Church of Christ. We have never abandoned our right in the common possession. The right to possess is the right to inhabit, the right to appropriate, the right which may deepen at any time into the obligation to reform. These are still our rights in the Church.

The significant fact to-day within the Church is the strength of the movement toward Christian unity among the more advanced types of Protestantism. It is futile for us to say that we, who are Protestants of Protestants, are happy in the mere fact of denominations and sects. If the sect is the price of freedom, we will pay it. If it is the permanent price, we will pay it to the end. But a sect, a denomination, a communion, whatever name you may use to declare or to disguise the fact of a part, and however that part may have been dowered with freedom, does not represent our full idea of what the Church ought to be, or our full faith in what the Church will be. It does not express our present feelings and desires. The hymns we sing are the hymns of the Church universal. We would not tolerate a sectarian hymn. The Saints whom we appropriate are of all communions. The fact that some of them might have disowned us does not lessen our sense of ownership. We crave the largest possible fellowship among the living—possible within the limits of truth and honor. We are working the great federal idea as the best practical embodiment in our time of the unity of the Church. Nowhere, as I believe, is there a clearer conception of the fundamental idea of the Church, or a deeper sense of its meaning, than among those who are forced to stand for the dignity and rights of the Churches. We accept to the full the distinction between a purely personal Christianity and the organic union of souls in Christ.

I pause to emphasize the distinction. I go back for a moment into the origins of Christianity. The first view we have of the Christian Church is that of the group around the table of Christ. John alone with Jesus would have represented discipleship, but not the Church. The Church is a society of which the original and simplest form is the group. So we have the outward growths of the Church—first the group gathered about the person of the human Christ, then the society organized in his name to commemorate his sacrifice and to bear witness to his resurrection, and then the community springing up on every hand permeated with his Spirit and striving to exemplify his teachings. We are, of course, back of the great formalities of the Church. Nothing has as yet been conventionalized. The newness, the absolute strangeness of the life of the Church gave it its first unity. The unity of the early Church was built up on the rare and seemingly impossible virtues, like the forgiveness of enemies. A man could not be a Christian in those days and be like anybody else outside his own kind. The Church was a succession or aggregation of groups of like-minded and like-hearted men and women, made one by the incoming of that life which had mastered all, and which had changed them in a measure to its likeness: every one of whom could say, "The life which I now live I live in the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me."

One fact explains the origin of the Christian Church. The Spirit of Christ, spreading from life to life, made some form necessary

[1] An Address delivered at the Jubilee Anniversary of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, November 11. In following issues The Outlook will print the addresses by the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon and the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, delivered on the same occasion.

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to express and develop the collective life. How much of organization, how much of ritual, how much of creed, was the open and varying question. It is still. It is one of the questions which confronts Christianity as it enters each new age, and each new race, and every new stage of Christian civilization. And there seems to be but one answer to the question from the spiritual side: no more organization or ritual or creed than the Spirit of Christ can inform and utilize; up to that limit, perfect liberty.

I assume that the celebration of the half-century of this church, so wonderful in its history, is a fit occasion for the reaffirmation of faith in the Church universal, the holy Catholic Church. The life of this particular church, which stands out with so much distinction, if you will with so much separateness, has no other source than that which feeds the whole body of Christ. And yet, because of its history, because of its distinctive qualities, because of the very contrast which it has to offer, it has the right to ask its own question, to hold its own opinions, to cherish its own faith about the Church of the future. Especially it has the right to ask why so many and so great divergencies from the common type are necessary, why must there be so many separate communions and individual churches which bear so conspicuously the stamp of independence.

Or, to change the form of the question and extend it, why is the Church at large so far away from the realization of its own working unity, unable as yet to think or act or worship in any real spiritual unity, to say nothing of uniformity?

I address myself, in what I may further say, to the answer to this question. The answer, to my mind, is twofold; a part of it is written in history, a part of it is being wrought out before our eyes.

First, the Church can never realize its own working unity; the Church of the future cannot be any other than the Church of to-day, until it makes a sufficient place in its life for freedom, particularly for intellectual freedom. The Church for long time attempted to secure unity by ignoring and suppressing freedom. The result was Protestantism. The same result is sure to follow to-day, and always, even when the attempt is made in our Protestant communions. Protestantism is not a history. It is a principle. We make no progress by celebrating historic events. We make progress by applying principles. Now, the principle of Protestantism is one *essential* factor in the unity of the Church. The rights of conscience, of private judgment, of free investigation, have gained a standing which cannot be withdrawn. It is absurd to conceive of the Church of the future as existing without them. How long it will take to win for them complete recognition no one can tell. Sometimes we are amazed at the apparent backwardness of the Church. Examples come to our knowledge which we cannot ignore. But if you are recalling, as I speak, the various attempts which have been made during the past years to restrict the honest freedom of thought or inquiry, we must also remind ourselves of the uniform failure of these attempts.

Resistance to the principle of religious liberty is intrenched for the most part in scant minorities. All the more advanced communions are agreed in theory and fact—for nearly every one has now been put to the test—that the Church must make room for the largest and freest growth of the individual. We accept no standards which lower the stature of the Christian man. Rather than allow this even in the assured interest of unity, we will wait, wait "until we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto the perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

But this part of my answer need detain us no longer. It has been written in history. The Church of the future must be free. It has bought its freedom with a great price. I have no doubt about the coming freedom of the Church. My doubts and fears all center around the second part of my answer. I have reserved, therefore, time for its larger presentation.

The Church can never realize its working unity, it cannot realize itself, until it is willing, and until it knows how to lose itself in the life of humanity. Do you say that this answer is so broad that it is vague? Then let me bring you back to the law of Christ, as true to the Church as to the individual, "Whoever will save his life shall lose it, and whoever will lose his life for my sake shall save it." This was the law to which Christ subjected himself, and of which he reaped the benefit. And the marvel of his life was not simply the willingness, it was still more the ability, one may almost say the skill, to lose himself in humanity. Herein lay, of course, the mystery of the Incarnation, but

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equally, also, the clear and fine action of the whole after life. With what restraint he kept himself from all partial and false assumptions of authority, ecclesiastical or political! How consistently he refused to be drawn aside into secondary and passing issues! With what tremendous steadfastness he held to the one course which would take him completely, absolutely, and forever into the life of men! Call to mind the glowing words of St. Paul as he tries to tell the process and then to show the reward. "Who, being in the form of God, thought it not a thing to be desired to retain his equality with God, but made himself of no reputation and took upon him the form of a servant, and, being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross."

"Wherefore God hath highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and of things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

There are limits to the imitation of Christ, but who will doubt that it is the supreme business of his Church to reproduce his spirit and his method and his purpose in the world? What is the Church put into the world for, except to lose itself in the life of the world, that it may thereby save its own life and that of the world? But the history of the Church shows a constant struggle between these two policies, the policy of saving and the policy of losing. Only in the great moods of the Church has it risen to the sublime conception or practice of Jesus of losing its life in that of humanity. Such was the mood of the martyr period, when the Church poured out so fully its life-blood into the heart of the world. Such was the mood of the great reforming period, when the Church had found out that it could do better for the world than to suffer at its hands, and straightway undertook to give it liberty and law and righteousness. Such was the mood of the period which ushered in modern missions, expressed in the remarkable saying of young Mills to his comrades, "We ought to carry the Gospel to dark and heathen lands, and we can do it if we will." And such I believe to be the mood into which the Church is beginning to rise, in the person of its choicer souls, into the task of entering into the real life of the modern city, identifying themselves with the humanity which has no voice but a cry, or a grievance, or a threat, and trying to interpret man to man.

But over against these greater and rare moods is the common and commonplace mood of the Church, which is always expressed in one way or another in the policy of saving its own life—a policy of exclusion, of separation from the life of humanity, a policy of using the world for its own aggrandizement. I do not put in evidence the degenerate and worldly periods of the Church. I call your attention to the very theories and doctrines which the Church has tried to make itself believe, and trained its children to believe, based on the exclusiveness and separateness of its life from that of the common humanity; the appalling doctrine of the arbitrary election of the few against the many, or the weak and illogical theory of the hopelessness of the many, for want of a present and visible connection between a Universal Saviour and those for whom he died. I call your attention to the ease with which the Church in any community follows the lines of social classification and becomes identified with men in classes. I call your attention to its contentment with works of charity and rescue, which reach the few, instead of concern about changing the conditions which affect all. I call your attention to the want of a steadfast and united effort and struggle in regard to those interests which are wrapped up in the life of the city and the State. I make mention of these things, not in the way of an indictment against the Church, for that is far from our present business, but that we may not underestimate the problem before us. It is nothing less, as I have said, than to cause the Church to believe in and to carry out the policy of losing itself in the life of humanity. The hopeful sign is that the idea is coming in and beginning to shape itself into a faith. This is the vision of the latter day, not of a Church saved out of the world, but of a world redeemed by the Church. In one of his more daring utterances Dr. Dale once spoke of the motive which impelled Christ to come into the world. It must have been, he said, that he somehow felt that his fortune was bound up in the fortune of humanity. Surely this is true of his Church. It cannot be much better in the end than it can succeed in making the world. The great object for which it longs and prays touching its own life will not come about directly, but indirectly

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through its service in the life around it. The Church is intent upon unity. That will not be brought about by any force working from within, not by agreements or adjustments or concessions or compromises. The unity of the Church will come in only through the brotherhood of man.

And now, do you ask me how this idea is to be realized, how this policy is to be carried out by the Church of saving its life by losing it in the life of humanity? I can refer only to certain sure agencies. First, the wise and fearless use of truth. Emerson used to say, "He who helps one man helps one man; he who tells the truth helps mankind." The supreme power of the Church is the power to tell the truth. This is other than charity, except as the truth is told in love. But the truth to be told must be known, and to be known it must be sought out. Courage without knowledge is mere audacity. It may exhibit the man, it will not help the truth. I believe that the power of the Church of the future will rest more rather than less upon its pulpit. A truth-knowing, truth-loving, truth-telling pulpit will carry the truth into the deepest and most remote places. So this Church, through its pulpit, carried the truth of the rights of man down into the heart of the Nation, and out into its uttermost parts. No other agency could have wrought so mightily against slavery and for freedom as the plain, uncompromising, unceasing truth. Truth which is timely will bear iteration. Blow on blow will tell. Appeal after appeal will be heard. The truth will prevail. That is one hope in present moral issues as in respect to the past, if only we can get a like hold upon the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

And next to the persistent use of the timely truth I put the training of the social conscience. The modern Church has thus far been brought up in individualism—a strong and wholesome discipline, but not sufficient for present conditions or for those which are impending. It is our constant complaint that corporate action is not as responsible as individual action. We say that the same man cannot be depended upon to act with others as he will act when alone. Perhaps we ought not to expect that he will. Nevertheless, the fact remains that corporate responsibility must bear some proportion to the tremendous advance in the absorption of individual activity in corporate activity. You have lost the individual; how are you going to follow him with individualism? Individual responsibility is becoming capitalized; how are you going to get at the moral value of the new capital?

Or carry the thought over into our social and civic obligations. In the old days of Boston, in the time of its transition from a great village into a city, the citizens organized themselves into a Watch and Ward Society. They took turns in patrolling the streets. Of course this could not last. A city means delegated authority, the creation of departments to do certain things, and then usually the organization of societies to see that they do them. This is the process by which we divest ourselves of individual responsibility—not by denying it in the first instance, but by putting the exercise of it at a further and further remove from us, till at last with this removal of responsibility there comes in the gradual loss of sentiment, of feeling, and even of shame. I suppose that it would be as hard for the average citizen of this city to repent of his share of its sin as for a man trained in the New England theology to repent of the sin of Adam. He doesn't know how to do it. His mind, as now trained, is not capable of working that way.

What we want, in the Church at least, is a habit of mind which will correspond to present facts and conditions. It is useless to confront new and obstinate conditions with old habits of thinking, or with unused sensibilities. Every great movement, from the Reformation down, has demanded and created for itself an appropriate habit of mind and of conscience. No great headway can be made until this demand has been complied with. When once the present demand has been met, and a habit of mind has been created which will express itself steadily and rightly through sensitiveness to others, through responsibility for things held in common, through what we must call, in spite of its philosophical vagueness, the social conscience, the Church will have made a sure advance in the art of losing itself in the life of humanity.

And, finally, I urge, as the great incentive to the realization of this end, the acceptance of the idea itself, the announcement of it, the assumption that it is here and at work in the life of the Church. We prepare ourselves for this conception of the Church by appropriating it and using it. When the Baptist came among men, he said, "Repent, repent! the kingdom of heaven is at hand." When Jesus came, he said, "The kingdom of

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heaven is at hand," it is here, "repent and believe the Gospel." Not preparation for something to come, but participation in something present. Let us recognize every effort on the part of the Church, however humble it may be, to lose itself in the life of humanity. Let us hold it up as the great conception. This is not an idea to be taken up for a mission, or a social settlement, or a crusade; it is something to be made the business of the great Christian majority. The Church cannot go on with its advanced work under present contradictions, here and there a few souls the world over losing themselves in the life of others, and everywhere else the Church, in one way or another, building itself up out of the world. Why have we come to be halt in foreign missions? Chiefly, I believe, because we are beginning to be ashamed, through all our Christian nature, of our unsanctified materialism. The nations have found us out, and we know it. They have explored Christendom, and what impresses them most is the vast amount of unapplied Christianity. Here, then, is the immediate work of the Church. Here lies the ready task of the new Christianity, to set Christendom in order—its cities, its industries, its society, its literature, its law. In so doing, we again make the Gospel the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.

The Church of the future—it must be the Church. Upon that we are agreed. Whatever may be our interpretations of its authority, we maintain the fact without doubt or qualification. The Church of the future will be free. That is a safe prophecy. There will be room in it, not only for men themselves, but for all that they know and believe and hope for. Like the city seen in vision, it will stand open wider and wider, that men may bring their glory and honor into it.

Will the Church learn to lose itself in the life of humanity? Will it at last catch the sublime scent of its Master and make it its own? Who will venture to affirm so much? Who dares to hope for less?

Compensations

By the Rev. H. L. Wayland, D.D.

AS I took my walk abroad" yesterday, I chanced to see a structure, I might call it a shanty, upon some waste land, where a ravine is being filled up. Out of the rubbish used for filling, the domestic architect has gathered boards, corrugated iron, rusty sheets of tin, and, with a good deal of ingenuity, has built a residence, wherein, to judge from the stove-pipes, some of the elements of comfort exist. The æsthetic is not excluded, as would appear from various plants and well-meaning flowers. Here the occupants have passed one or two years, and here they propose to usher in the coming winter. One's first thought of these people is commiseration, but a maturer impulse bids us "give to the winds our fears." Very likely they are far better off than we dream. In all situations there are compensations. First and foremost, though the cot be somewhat lowly, yet there are no stairs to go up, which is a consideration by no means to be ignored, with the advance of the three dreaded a's—age, asthma, and adipose. He whose steps are attended by these three enemies of human comfort may derive more pleasure from a house without stairs than from reading the whole of Cicero "On the Delights of Old Age," Perkins on "Asthma Made Painless," and Collins on "The Connection between Corpulence and Quietude." Then, as another compensation, these people presumably pay no rent; likewise, presumably, they are not annoyed by the tax-collector. Still further, as they do not enter into any social competition, they can lead their own life. The lady of the mansion does not say to the partner of her joys, "My dear, Mr. Pigginson has thrown out a bay window. I think we shall have to throw out two."

Another compensation: If it is desired to adapt the house to the wants of an increasing family (and families do increase, in these unaristocratic quarters, with a rapidity that is unknown on more fashionable avenues), there is no need of calling in contractors whose bill would drive the worthy couple to despair. The husband and father goes to the rubbish-pile, gets a few more boards, or perchance a rejected awning, finds a few nails, which he straightens, and the job is done. I have reserved to the last the crowning joy of the situation. The owner, or at least the occupant, of the premises, makes

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his own plans, is his own designer and draughtsman. His soul is not vexed or his midnight hours disturbed by the apparition of the architect. The structure is erected to meet the wants of the family, not to serve as an advertisement of the artist. If the house does not suit him, he can alter it without any fear of the architect before his eyes. In a country in which I once resided, a church bought a lot in a somewhat fashionable locality, and employed an architect, at the cost of untold gold, to erect a house. It was completed and was greatly admired. There were, it is true, one or two trifling defects. The people could not see; they could not hear. The remarks of the minister were a sort of confidential communication to the rafters. What the people heard was at second-hand, after the echoes had done with it. The church humbly requested the architect to make some changes which would obviate these defects. He replied in a somewhat lofty tone that he could not consent; "the changes would not suit the style of the architecture." The dweller in the shanty can make his house more comfortable, if only he has the suitable rubbish.

In another case the owner of a building desired to close in the open vestibule with a glass door in winter; but the architect refused permission, and he had the law on his side. Once, when a gentleman was putting up an expensive building, I asked him if he were not going out of town for the summer. He replied, "I don't dare to be away for forty-eight hours at a time, for fear the architect should make some alteration, inspired by his ambition, which would destroy the place for my purposes." From all these terrors my humble neighbor is free.

There are compensations everywhere. They tell us of a philosopher who woke up one day to the fact that he had no shoes. He was disposed to murmur. He should have said, "No shoes: then no corns; no expense for blacking; and the Kneipp cure [walking barefoot in the wet grass] without charge." But he did not stop to think of these compensations, and he was not comforted until he saw a gentlemen who had no feet to put shoes on. Let us hope that this gentleman, in his turn, considered the situation thus: "No feet: then no toes to be trodden on or frost-bitten; no bill for toothpick shoes." The other day I had a most interesting interview with a lady who is afflicted with increasing deafness, and who has been studying, with success, the method of face-reading. It might seem that there are few compensations in the loss of hearing; but that is because we do not look below the surface. How much we have to hear that we do not want to hear—how much twaddle, how much gossip, how much inanity!—and we cannot help ourselves. Nature, in one of her moments of forgetfulness, omitted to provide us with earlids. If it is the eyes that are vexed, we can shut out the disagreeable sight; but as to our ears we can only close them with our fingers, as did the man who ran from the City of Destruction, and our two hands become, for the time, pre-engaged and useless. One of my friends, a literary man, has to do much of his work in an office, where people are perpetually talking about everything and some other things besides; but, fortunately, nature has endowed him with almost complete insensibility to noise, and so he works on undisturbed. A modern invention of great merit is the silent piano, which has all the keys but produces no sound, on which the pupil may practice without limit, and the occupant of a neighboring apartment no longer

> Sits in speechless agony
> Until his ears are numb.

I believe that in young ladies' schools the music-rooms are inclosed in walls of peculiar thickness. In one of the German States there is a fine of two marks for playing the piano with the windows open; but to him who is deaf, all pianos are silent, all walls are thick, all windows are closed. Were I a philosopher, and desired to see the mysteries of the unseen, I am not at all sure that it would not be an advantage to be blind. A young man went through one of our theological seminaries, a few years since, without sight. He listened to the lecturers without distraction. He did not look out of the window to see who was passing, and to peruse the spring hats or the fall coats or the winter trousers of his fellow-students and of the gentlemen of the vicinage. His course was very creditable, and he has been a useful minister. It may be said, *per contra*, that the budding theologian or metaphysician might shut his eyes to the external world. True, but would he? That is the question. Half of the art of getting happiness out of life lies in seeing the compensations. Robinson Crusoe had many, if he had only known where to look for them.

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The Pilgrims in Leyden

By the Rev. William Elliot Griffis, D.D.

LEYDEN was the heart of Holland at the time the founders of New England lived in the Dutch Republic. Under the training of John Robinson, whom we hail as one of the spiritual forefathers of America, these people, mostly plain country folks, but with noble leaders, became a deeply spiritual, broad-minded, and tolerant band of Christians. The Pilgrim Church was a cosmopolitan company, in which seven nationalities, and perhaps as many Reformed and Protestant Churches, were represented. English, Scottish, Walloon, French, Dutch, Irish, and Welsh people lived in union and harmony —a type of our own Republic.

The Pilgrim headquarters lay in the very heart of this "Venice of the North"—the university city on the Rhine. Their settlement of twenty-three small dwelling-houses, with their Pastor Robinson's larger home fronting on Belfry Lane, was almost exactly opposite the main door of St. Peter's Church. Behind them was the English Church (supported at the expense of the city of Leyden), the Rev. Robert Durie, pastor, attended mostly by British Puritans or Presbyterians. Only a few feet eastward was the Walloon or French Church. A few rods further east was Broadway, with the City Hall, where over fifty couples of the Pilgrim company went to declare intentions of marriage. Westward, over the Nun's Bridge and Rapenburg Canal, lay the University building and gardens. From Robinson's house one could easily toss a biscuit into the City Commandery or garrison headquarters. Here, very probably, Captain Miles Standish, as one of the officers of the two English regiments in the Dutch service during the Truce of 1609–1621, was daily to be found. Attending the University were scores of British students. The English Separatists heard English spoken every day. They were not, while in Leyden, lonely, except as for a high motive and noble reason they chose to be.

In organization the Pilgrim Church was like the Dutch and other Reformed Churches on the Continent, having a comforter of the sick, and elders, and deacons, though the term "consistory" was not used by the Pilgrims. Their ruling elder was William Brewster. Two of their deacons were John Carver and Dr. William Fuller.

In their relations with other churches probably they had more real fellowship with the Reformed, Walloon, and Dutch Churches than the other Separatists in Holland. Winslow tells us that Robinson's teaching was always against separation from any of the Churches of Christ, and that communion with the French, Dutch, and Scottish Reformed Churches was both professed and held. The ministers from Scotland who visited Leyden were gladly heard in prayer and exhortation, while Robinson's private friendships and communion with certain Puritan Anglican clergymen were close and warm; though to the end of his life Robinson did not approve of "the Church of England as it was in the Episcopal way"—that is, with the rigid routine, "stinted prayers," and doled-out Scripture portions; nor did he honor the "Constitution of it as national, and so, consequently, the corrupt communion of the unworthy with the worthy receivers of the Lord's Supper." Nor was he bitter against the Roman Catholics. Some Dutch writers think the Pilgrims would never even make use of any edifice formerly used by Roman Catholics. This is a mistake, arising from the fact that many writers (even Americans) confound the Pilgrims with the Puritans, between whom there was a vital difference. As matter of fact, some of the Separatists, while in Amsterdam, did worship in a building which had once been a nunnery. It is grandly, gloriously true that Robinson and his fellow-Christians, who would have no union of Church and State, never asked the Leyden authorities for an edifice rent free. The Pilgrims, true to their principles, paid their own expenses and asked no favors from the State.

Those of Robinson's congregation who understood the language of Holland were accustomed frequently to worship in the Dutch churches and hear the excellent sermons that were there preached by learned and able ministers, each of whom was always saluted as "domine." The Scotch borrowed this term, using it for a schoolmaster also, and writing it "dominie." When traveling in different parts of the country, the Pilgrims

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attended service in Dutch churches. As Winslow writes, "As for the Dutch, it was usual for our members that understood the language and lived in or occasionally came over to Leyden to communicate with them, as one John Jenney the brewer, his wife and family, long did, and without any offense to the Church; so also for any that had occasion to travel into any other part of the Netherlands, they daily did the like." All through the long controversy between the Arminians and Calvinists, Robinson and his fellow-officers and congregation stood stoutly with the Calvinists, who politically were also Nationalists or Union men. How these broad-minded and deeply earnest souls, who believed in applying the democracy which Jesus taught to Church polity, could, at that time, when the issue between Union and Secession was sharply drawn, take any other side, passes the comprehension of most students of Dutch politics.

Edward Winslow, printer and diplomatist, and afterwards book-writer and governor, was, throughout, the peacemaker. Gifted with an irenic temperament and able to see all sides of a question, withal skilled in oiling the machinery of human intercourse, he took a more charitable view of the case between Separation and Establishment than some others in the company who were zealots and come-outers. He was a "son of oil" and of consolation, a reconciler, who evidently cared more for spiritual life than for the verbiage of creeds. It is he who tells us of the Dutch, French, and Walloon members of the Church, and how their non-Anglican names were corrupted into English forms, such as Cuthbertson for Godbertson, Simmons for Symonson, Delano for De la Noye, etc. It is he also who reports so fully, possibly also giving the light with added power from his own reflector, the noble words of John Robinson about more light breaking out from God's Word. "He charged us," said Winslow, writing a quarter of a century afterwards, "before God and His Christ. And if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of His, to be as ready to receive it as ever we were to receive any truth by his ministry. For he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light to break forth out of His holy Word."

The Dutch and the English Christians learned much good from each other, by which mutual benefit resulted. Although the Dutch did not give up their organs or music, loved painting, fine arts, pretty clothes, lovely homes, and the amenities and elegancies of life, they were none the less Puritans, in the true sense of the word. Equally earnest seekers after reality under "the letter's unprolific sheaf," they did not wear a special costume, talk through their noses, or adopt strange and uncouth Hebrew names. None the less did they love truth and beauty. It is true that many of them were just as rigid keepers of "the Sabbath" as the Pilgrims themselves. Indeed, the laws of Zealand, one of the sternest of Protestant and Calvinistic States, show a severity concerning the Lord's Day that suggests an original and model to the English Puritans. The majority of Dutch Christians, however, observed the day of rest in the spirit of the New Testament rather than in that of the ancient Hebrews.

Winslow was a man of the world in the best sense. He thus writes: "For the truth is, the Dutch and French Churches, either of them, being a people distinct from the World and gathered into a holy communion (and not National Churches, nay, so far from it, as I verily believe, the sixth person is not of the Church); the difference is so small, if moderately pondered, between them and us, as we dare not, for the world, deny communion with them." Winslow evidently meant what was the fact, that in Holland and Zealand at least five-sixths of the people were of the Reformed Church. In the other provinces the proportion of Roman Catholics and of Protestants other than Calvinists was much greater. The Church was in no sense political, as in England, where the King was "head." Only once, in 1619, in the struggle for the Union, did the Government and the churches unite to carry out political measures. Winslow tells us that the Rev. David Calderwood, who came over to Leyden to print a book which exposed King James's shameful chicanery at the Perth Assembly, was well acquainted with Pastor Robinson and used to come and hear him preach on Sundays. On one occasion he asked that he might without offense stay and see the method of administering the communion. There was nothing wonderful in this reasonable curiosity, for various sects had already begun to "fence the table" and to practice the plan of distributing tickets of admission in the form of metal and other tokens to those deemed orthodox or worthy. Robinson

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answered: "Reverend Sir, you may not only stay to behold us, but partake with us if you please, for we acknowledge the churches of Scotland to be the churches of Christ." How we should like to have seen the face, or even now look upon a photograph, of John Robinson made when he said this, intimating that "this is the Lord's table and not ours"!

We have already seen how freely the Dutch of the Reformed Church and the Pilgrims enjoyed worship and communion in each other's meeting-houses. In the former, Calvin's tender and richly spiritual "Form for the Administration of the Lord's Supper" was used, the pith of which is in the sentence—"We seek our life out of ourselves in Christ."

This is Bradford's portrait of John Robinson: "A man not easily to be paralleled for all things. As he was a man learned and of solid judgment and of quick and sharp wit, so was he also of a tender conscience and very sincere in all his ways, a hater of hypocrisy and dissimulation, and would be very plain with his best friends. He was very courteous, affable, and sociable in his conversation and toward his own people especially." Next to grace, wit was the salt of the Pilgrim company. Certainly Bradford had plenty of it. A good hearty laugh often refreshed the sad spirits and smoothed the brows of those high-souled leaders. It may be that Brewster and Robinson could either of them tell a good joke, or point a lively story as well as Abraham Lincoln.

The central teaching of Robinson, and the special emphasis laid in the Pilgrim exhortation and discipline, was upon a holy life in the midst of a wicked world. This was exactly like that of the Anabaptists or Mennonites; but Robinson was very anxious that the impression should not get abroad that the Pilgrim ideas of church order and doctrine were derived either from the Anabaptists, or from Robert Browne, or from Menno Simons, but only from Christ and his Apostles through the New Testament. It is not certain that Robinson, who cared scarcely a fig for the epithets "heretic" or "schismatic," would have liked the name of "Congregationalist" or "Independent" any better than that of "Anabaptist." This free churchman cared little for names.

In 1648 John Bastwick, who had been a student at Leyden and worshiped with "the pastor of the Brownist church there," reported Robinson as saying that he would never have separated from the Church of England if he could have enjoyed the liberty of his ministry there, and immunity from the ceremonies and the hated subscription that imposed observation of the ritual.

Indeed, the spirit of Christian charity and toleration so far prevailed in the Leyden Church that in 1818 the Rev. John Paget, first pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church of Amsterdam, serving from 1607 to 1636, wrote: "Seeing Master Robinson and his people do now, as divers of themselves confess, receive the members of the Church of England into their congregation, and this without any renunciation of the Church of England." For this Christian act, in a time when princes and theologians were formulating Anglican dogmas about "Apostolical succession," of divine right, and of a "deposit" of faith, and when sects were busy in putting up fences around the communion-table to shut each other off, and elaborating a monstrous dogma of "close communion," the Pilgrim Church at Leyden was denounced as not being what every sect and even many a political Establishment claims to be, "a true Church."

The chief feature of the Leyden church life was not a form of logical propositions called a creed, but was rather the covenant or pledge which all the members with each other and with one another took to hold the common Christian faith, walk in love before God and their neighbors, and to bear one another's burdens in Christian fellowship. In theological theory they were Calvinists of the strongest sort; yet the imposition of a formal creed upon each member, and subscription thereto, do not seem to have been known. Winslow says of Robinson: "He put us in mind of our Church covenant (at least that part of it) whereby we promise and covenant with God and with one another to receive whatever light or truth shall be made known unto us from His written Word." Theirs was the vital view and use of the truth, and by their fruits they were and are known.

Music was well cultivated in the Leyden church. As early as 1562–3 the English hymns they sang had been put into meter and set to music. It was a great boon to the future founders of Massachusetts, and a notable addition to their resources, when, in 1612, Henry Ainsworth published in Amsterdam his work "The Book of Psalmes Englished both in Prose and Metre," which had

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thirty-nine separate tunes in it. Several successive editions were issued, and for eighty years his book was part of the daily spiritual food of the Pilgrims on both sides of the Atlantic. Ainsworth, known all over Europe as a leading Hebrew scholar, whose annotations have helped even the makers of the Revised Version of 1885, was so poor a poet, and his verses were so uncouth, that the Continental scholars at first imagined there must be two Ainsworths. In trying to unravel the mystery some of them got badly tangled up in their own higher criticism. More than one-half of Ainsworth's tunes show their Netherlandish environment. Nineteen are directly from Marat and Beza, and at least two more are in meter and melody distinctly French.

Under the preaching and personal influence of their noble, self effacing pastor, it is no wonder that these English exiles, dwelling also in a tolerant republic where men were free to worship God as they pleased, grew to be a mellow, sweetly charitable, and truly Christian company, so that French, Scottish, Irish, English, and Dutch, and Christians of several names, dwelt in peace and love together, in house or ship, on the sea or in the wilderness. In Plymouth, as is evident, under such a leader as Bradford, true pupil of Master Robinson, the military man (who very probably was a Roman Catholic) Miles Standish; John Alden, who quite possibly was an Irishman, and the radical Roger Williams, as well as other men of various shades of opinion, could abide in peace and harmony. The secret of their success is open to all. Their religion was broad, but it was deep also. They bore one another's burdens and fulfilled the law of Christ.

The Life of a College Professor

By Joseph Jastrow

THE American college is certainly one of the most distinctive of cisatlantic contributions to education, and has developed with its growth a type of professor whose counterpart one would fail to find in England or Germany or anywhere else. It is rather strange that this representative of a system that at one point or another crosses the highway of most men's intellectual interests has been so rarely portrayed in fiction or discussed in fact. That we have in our midst a class of men considerable by weight if not by count, with a status peculiar in some measure to themselves, laboring under conditions favorable and unfavorable; that, in brief, we may have, along with so many other *fin de siècle* questions, a professorial question, seems to have been singularly ignored. It is gratifying to find in the pages of "Scribner's Monthly" (in the issues for October and November) some public discussion of this problem, even though it but sketches in outline the lights and shadows of the academic landscape.

The writer of the first article, Professor Bliss Perry, is genially optimistic in his delineations, but is supplemented, though hardly offset, in a second article by a professor who very properly withholds his name. The secure, even if inadequate, living; the long vacations; the devotion to research, and the zest of discovery; the fondly cherished *magnum opus;* the familiar intercourse with a picked set of cultivated men; the privilege of influencing a "perpetually renewed stream of youthful and more or less ardent minds;" the occasional honors and the pleasing small tributes with which the path of the successful professor is strewed, are sketched in pleasing outlines, and with a touch that charms even where it fails to convince. We enjoy the flavor and the tone of the portraiture; we smile as we read the characterization of one or another of the professorial types—"the martinets and the pedants and the piously inane," and the man who taught one "to think or helped him to feel and thrilled him with a new horizon;" the ardent investigator, the natural-born teacher, and the man who abandons both these ambitions and settles down as a fly-fisherman or amateur photographer or novel-reader—"a very charming dead beat," and "the most interesting type of all." The wranglings of a faculty meeting and the foibles of college administration strike a sympathetic chord in the minds of those who have been in and of these things. But amidst the humor and the charm, the interest of life and character that pervades the academic *milieu*, the feeling of the seriousness of the underlying issues, the things that make or mar the professor as a man and an influence

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come to the foreground and cannot for long be ignored.

The fundamental question is this: Does the environment of the American professor give to his services a maximum of intellectual and moral value? Does it tend to develop most easily and successfully his own resources and urge him to the fulfillment of that function in the community for which his talents and training qualify him? Does it make him at once happy and useful? Of course this can be asked only in a relative sense, and with reference to the status of other professional and intellectual careers. No one can hope to escape the influences of the forces amongst which his life is lived. These social forces sweep on as heedless of our speculations and desires as the flow of Niagara, and the best we can do is patiently to try to understand them and direct them, to derive from their contemplation a source of inspiration, or harness them to our mills and engines. None the less, there is much truth in the Socratic notion that right knowing is the requisite to right doing; and the reformer will ever have a useful although rarely a grateful place in the progress of civilization.

It may, therefore, be a useful task to draw attention to some of the undesirable factors in the professor's environment, which obstruct his public usefulness equally with his private happiness. Amidst the general contentment of college teachers even Professor Perry's optimistic gaze has discerned some who are not cheered by the reflection that by entering another profession they might have quadrupled their earnings; even he cannot fail to note that the professor's tastes are cultivated beyond his income, and that his position forces him to accept a standard of living which is a severe strain upon his financial resources. It is, of course, not a serious calamity that when the professor has paid his bills he finds no margin left for "champagne and terrapin;" but it is a very serious condition that confronts him when he finds that he cannot pay his bills. And it is an equally serious matter when Professor Anonymous confesses that he must refuse the offered transfer of his services to a position of higher rank, of wider influence and greater opportunity, mainly because "to live within my salary and at the same time retain influence and standing were both out of the question," and this in spite of the fact that the proffered promotion from college to university was to bring with it an increase of income from two thousand to four thousand dollars. It is quite true that "it were a pity that in the colleges, of all places, high thinking and plain living should be quite divorced;" but it is a greater pity that the living should perforce be so arduous as severely to tax the energies that make for high thinking. That such is the case in a large majority of our collegiate communities can readily be verified by any observer who has the opportunity of penetrating beneath the surface. The professor is the type of the great underpaid; and this lack of a proper income is, for various reasons, to be regarded as a calamity. First, because it tends to make the individual discontented, and to develop a frame of mind which, except in persons of a peculiarly fortunate temperament, is a serious obstacle to enthusiastic and successful endeavor. Reflections as to what might have been, and the constant friction against the desirable but non-affordable, disturb the serenity and good temper of even academic and philosophic mortals. But, secondly, this financial hampering of the scholar and the teacher checks his own development, and defeats in some measure the successful performance of the professor's function. The energy—and the best of us has but a limited amount of it—that should go to the highest work of which he is capable, is dissipated in a hundred different directions, because they promise some little relief from pressing cares. Nine times out of ten the "pitiful or tragic stories of professors who have broken down," and who "are usually the men whom the college could least afford to lose," if they were fully revealed would show that a prominent cause of the breakdown was the necessity of eking out an insufficient income by writing, or lecturing, or other remunerative occupation. The road is blocked to him who cannot pay; the professor who cannot afford a secretary must do his own intellectual drudgery. If his meditations are "interrupted by an insulting cook striking for another dollar that he can ill spare," these dollars are deducted from the next order for books, and he has one more opportunity of practicing the art of doing without. In "The Confessions of a College Professor" matters that pertain to the expense account, to ingenious economies and philosophic consolations, are painfully conspicuous. The professor whose income enables him to attend the sessions of learned societies, to keep well in touch with the literature of his specialty, to indulge in the invigorating and broadening luxuries of

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European travel, not to mention the necessities of restorative summer outings, is rapidly differentiated from his unfortunate colleague whose resources are cut short just below this margin, and who must practice all the economy he can command to make both ends meet. The best of us need some stimulus to keep us going; the man who must stay at home loses the stimulus of the contact with his fellow-professors; the man who cannot buy books does not read them; he begins to lag and lag further and further behind, until finally he loses the ambition to do otherwise. Such, perhaps, is the evolution of the delightful, if you will, but certainly not enviable "dead beat."

A further reason why this lack of a proper income is a menace to the value of the professorial profession is to be found in its inevitable tendency to attract the abler young men into more remunerative fields. It cannot be overlooked that ours is an intensely mercantile community, and that the painful contrast between the position of the professor and of other intellectual occupations, as judged by the accepted standards of success, must tend to repel many a brilliant but ambitious young man. However strong his devotion to learning, however attractive the charms of an academic career, he cannot but question in moments of doubt and misgiving, and ask, with the circumspect maiden,

> Will the love that we are rich in
> Build a fire in the kitchen?

It is true that the path of love, if it leads him "where money is," may be his salvation; but the reservation of the academic career to those who can inherit wealth or marry wealth—a condition rapidly being established in Germany—is totally out of place in a democracy that boasts of a ladder from the gutter to the college. In brief, look at it as optimistically as you will, recall all the cases of great endeavor that have been nurtured in garrets, and of high achievements with humble means, and yet the contemplation of the ideal and the exceptional must give way to the realization of the importance of the average. We are dealing with a considerable class of picked and yet thoroughly human men; men who will do their best under stimulating influences, but will backslide and do an average and respectable measure of service if the conditions are only passably fair. As a rule, it takes abundance of rich food and favorable conditions to breed the queen bee.

Some years ago President Harper investigated the financial status of the professor, and found that he is on a par financially with conductors, foremen of works, etc., with an average income of about sixteen hundred dollars. He concluded that as a mere matter of justice his salary should, on the average, be raised by one-half. This is a conservative estimate; but certainly not below this line lies the region where, under modern conditions, the professor can find the ease and security from worry to which the needs and the value of his services entitle him. If we venture to pass from the desirable to the practicable, and ask how the improvement in the professor's status is to be brought about, we must proceed slowly and tentatively.

It would be necessary, on the one hand, to inquire into the underlying reasons for this insufficient remuneration; to discover, perhaps, that it is connected with an imperfect realization of the needs and nature of the modern collegiate teacher; and such prevalent misconceptions would have first to be removed. And, on the other hand, it would be necessary to examine the administrative methods of our educational institutions, to observe how salaries are fixed and varied, and the motives that guide such actions. Neither of these tasks is an easy one. Here, however, is the right knowing that is indispensable to the right doing, and here is the reformer's opportunity. Unless philanthropists and administrators of educational trusts, unless the professional and cultivated classes, can be convinced of the necessity for earnest thought and action regarding the improvement of the professor's status, the future, if not the present, generation will be discovering and bemoaning the decadence of the American professor.

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Nothing is more deplorable than the shallow optimism that pictures this world as sailing over summer seas to blessed isles, if only men would believe it to be so. Our true progress does not come in that way. It is rather a steadfast and courageous beating up against tempestuous winds and rugged seas, now to this side and now to that of the straight line we fain would follow; sometimes losing on this tack, sometimes only holding our own upon the other, but gaining on the whole; not able to see it always, except as day after day observation of our relation to the steadfast things above shows it to us.—*Edward M. Chapman.*

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A School of the Golden Age

By Mary A. Lathbury

THERE is nothing more charming in all the treasury of Greek mythology than that fragment from the Golden Age describing the School of the Heroes, where Cheiron, the wise and genial old Centaur, was master. The school-house was the rugged breast of Pelion, with its mighty forests, rocky steeps, and falling rivers. Its roof was fretted with sunshine and storm, and a cavernous rock was its dormitory. Here lived Cheiron, and to him came the father of Jason, of Perseus, of Heracles, of Orpheus, of Esculapius, and of many another that won an immortal name, bringing their boys and leaving them to be trained to wise thoughts and great deeds.

Cheiron, the legend runs, taught them religion, law, history, music, poetry, geology, botany, medicine, and all the known arts of war and peace; yet we hear nothing of his "helps" or his "methods." The universe was his class-room, and the sun marked the only divisions of time—day and night. The books he used opened before his boys at every step in a thousand aspects of Nature, and at night starry charts unrolled above them as they lay stretched on the skins of the beasts they had conquered. Then, also, they listened with deep delight and kindling courage to the voice of Cheiron chanting the deeds of gods and men. As he sang these poems of the early world he struck the strings of his lyre with a golden key. What a school was this, and what boy ever read the story of it without envying the young heroes!

The world has traveled far from the Golden Age, and we are rounding toward the end of our forty centuries' journey in the wilderness, and are looking for an Eden or an Arcadia regained with all the modern improvements. We have come upon great treasure. It is the ideal and the material that tempt us at once, but we must not murder our young Princes by smothering them—by piling unbearable loads on the eye, the memory, and the undeveloped reasoning powers. Madame de Stael, looking back from the excessive and unmeaning ornamentation of form in the French art of her time to the forms of the age of Pericles, cried, "Oh, we of the present *do* too much!"

It is true that there is a growing perception of use in the New Education. Happily, the great words of Emerson are taking hold of teachers here and there: "The day of days, the great day of the human soul, is that day when our eyes are first opened to the unity of things." But there is much to lop off and to ward off before we can place before a child *in its true order* that which will help to make a clear, consistent, and complete impression that cannot be lost—a moral idea that shall stand like a palm-tree against a clear sky—like a pyramid, or a Parthenon, as a part of the orderly procession of ideas that go toward the building of a mind.

Twenty-five years ago friends of the Sunday-school were rejoicing in the new activities and interests that were springing up in its field, and hoped for great results. Since that time some of them have ceased to rejoice and have grown thoughtful. The larger number continue to make use of the methods, while some eagerly add each new idea to an already overloaded schedule, until the Sunday-school experimented with ceases to serve the purpose of its existence and surrenders to the machine.

Sunday-school workers of an active and enthusiastic temperament are in some measure responsible for this state of things, but the source of the trouble may be found in Sunday-school literature. Through a desire to be useful, let us hope, the authors of new contrivances for the use of teachers have added to the burden already borne by the children, and have filled all available time with machinery for conveying Scriptural truth, until there remains little room for the Word of the Lord itself—scant storage of bread for days of famine in later life. How shall our children be able to say, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart"—for memory holds the key of the storehouse—if we have given them plenty of chaff *about* the Word, but too little of the Word itself?

A novelty in sports is an "obstacle race," in which every device is used to hinder those who are on their way to the goal. Shall we have an obstacle race, or shall we see to it that our young athletes so run that they may obtain on a fair Olympian field? Instead of A-Thousand-Ways-and-Means Society, let us have the "One-Purpose Society" of Neesima,

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the Apostle of Japan, and of that other Apostle who said, "This one thing I do." Let us hush our clamor for the eyes and ears of the children long enough for the Lord himself to be seen and heard.

But to turn again to the School of the Heroes. The gentle old Centaur did not merely fill the memory, test the reason, and stretch the sinews of his Greek boys. He chanted the deeds of the immortals, the great poems from which the Iliad and the Odyssey sprang, and it was for the purpose of charging their souls with an inspiration that should make them immortals among men. He gave them the divine ideal, and, making it their own, they came down from Mount Pelion trained for the conquest of evil. We hear nothing of the encumbrances of arms or armor as a preparation for their work. The gods bestowed the charmed sword, or the winged sandals, or the magic lyre, as there was need: but whether it was to slay the dragon, sail out on unknown seas, deliver the bound, heal the sick, guard kingdoms, sing souls out of Hades, or undertake the impossible in any other form, they were ready, for they had faith in the divine within them, having received power to become the sons of the gods. What effluence of life—what strength to do and to dare—what courage to sail out into the sea of the unknown, filled the youth of this early race! They bore life as the beautiful Caryatides of the Acropolis of Athens bear up the frieze of the Erechtheum—with the strength and beauty of eternal youth. So have they become the custodians of the ideal in literature and in art for all time, while we, struggling with the accretions of the human thought and endeavor of ages, find it no longer possible to see or act in simplicity.

Only in "returning and rest" shall we be saved; only in becoming "as a little child" shall we be delivered from the latter-day flood of "things" that pours in on every plane of life and threatens to destroy us from off the face of the earth. If we really wish to leave pettiness, haste, and overdoing, and to become simple, sincere, leisurely, large in our living and teaching, there must be a way. It was the flood itself that carried the ark to its place of rest on the top of the mountains. God's "way is in the sea," as well as in the sanctuary; and we all know how stumbling-blocks become stepping-stones when the heart wishes to find the right way.

The golden key with which the wise old teacher struck his lyre holds a meaning for us. The key is the symbol of power, and a key of gold opens into upper rooms and realms—opens the inner temple of the Word. It must be the golden quality of the *love* of truth that leads to truth; and with this key what wide domains may not the wise and loving teacher open to the youth of to-day! The apt scholar will build his life after the models he finds in the new realms opened to him, and happy is he who is thought to build a Parthenon rather than a Palace of Versailles; to discern the spirit of the Gospels; to see without obstruction the grand outlines of spiritual manhood in the story of the Divine Man of Galilee, and be changed into the same image. A greater than a Cheiron, a Neesima, or a Paul taught on the slopes of Olivet, and in the fields of Galilee, and by the sea; and His words are the text-books in our schools.

The methods of the modern Sunday-school may be light-giving, but are they life-giving? The simple system of our childhood—a verse a day, seven verses to be recited to the teacher at Sunday-school—had its advantages, for, though it entered the memory only, it was bread stored for days of spiritual need. The cry of Christian as he fled from the City of Destruction was, "Life, life, eternal life!"—the cry of a hungry man whose soul was fed in the way by the shining ones who broke to him the word of life, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

Evil threatens us in a thousand new forms, and we need a thousand heroes. If, as some of us believe, the new century is to bring in the heroic age again on the higher plane of morals, the children of to-day must furnish the Heracles, the Perseus, the St. George of to-morrow, and we have them in training. But they must be taken directly to the great Teacher, and receive their inspiration from Him. "Bring him unto me," "Suffer the little children to come unto me," are the Lord's words to us concerning the children. We must take away the merchandise in human words and devices that we have brought into the temple. And when we have brought the children to Him, let us give them time, space, and quiet in which they may listen to Him. Who are we that we should place ourselves between the Divine Teacher and the soul of a child when He stretches forth His hand to plant within it the seeds of eternal life?

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Books and Authors

The Christian Way [1]

We wish that the publishers of this little volume of 152 pages would sell an edition at the price at which cheap secular literature is issued, say for twenty-five cents. At that price ministers could afford to purchase it in numbers, keep it in stock, and use it as a gift to young disciples entering the Church. For this purpose nothing could be more admirable. Dr. Gladden has what in religious teachers is a very uncommon gift, common sense. He has what is still more uncommon, a combination of common sense and high ideals. He never suffers the ideals to deteriorate in order to make them practicable; but also he never forgets practical life in presenting his ideals. One of the opening sentences of his book indicates this quality of practical idealism: "The highest attainable beauty of character is reached only by those who aim at perfect goodness." Coupled with this combination of idealism and practicality is a remarkable conciseness of style. The most difficult of all literary art is perhaps the art of writing proverbs. Many of Dr. Gladden's sentences are almost, if not quite, proverbial. Dr. Gladden has been a journalist. The minister is expected to amplify because he is a speaker and speaks to men when they are in the mood of leisure. The journalist is compelled to condense because he is a writer, and writes to be read by men when they are in a hurry. Dr. Gladden has the spirit of a prophet and the literary art of a journalist; we know of no writer who combines these two qualities in a more eminent degree. The volume which he has made is, for these reasons, a most valuable spur and guide to holy living. It will be interesting to compare it with Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living," which it resembles in its aim, but not at all in its character. Probably the literary man would enjoy the "Holy Living" more, but the youth of to-day, just entering a Christian life, would find "The Christian Way" far more valuable. We cannot better indicate the spirit of this book, and that proverbial quality of which we have spoken, than by quoting some pregnant sentences from it:

To aim at anything less than perfection would be in the singer bad art, in the surveyor bad science, in the builder bad architecture. To aim at anything lower than perfection is in the Christian disciple bad religion.

Graded schools may be very good, but graded churches are an abomination, whether the gradeline be money or culture or "holiness."

Go right to your minister or your Sunday-school superintendent and tell him you want something to do. It may take his breath away the first time, for such applications are not near so frequent as the ring of the tramp at the basement door-bell; but never mind! if you break it gently to him, he will bear up under it, probably, and perhaps, after several experiences of this sort, he may even come to enjoy it.

The cant about science is as offensive as any other kind of cant.

"Let him that heareth" not only come, but "*say* Come!"

We should not find it hard to talk about religion if we thought as much about religion as we do about politics.

It is not safe for a man to steal who will not lie; he is sure to be caught at it. A thief who was not also a liar would be a moral curiosity.

Shakespeare's wonderful mind was not the result of constant labor expended directly upon his mind. If his mind had been a constant care to him, he would have been a noodle. It was not by nursing his mind but by using his mind that he became the paragon of poets and the prince of modern interpreters of human life.

[1] *The Christian Way: Whither it Leads, and How to Go On.* By Washington Gladden. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 75 cts.

Books of the Week

[The Books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending November 12. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

LITERATURE

The group of short *Essays from the "Guardian,"* by Walter Pater, which has been put into a small and tastefully made book, and issued with the imprint of Thomas B. Mosher (Portland, Me.), will hardly interest the reading public at large, and it is a question whether they ought to be included in any definitive edition of Mr. Pater's works; but the lover of "Marius the Epicurean" and of "Greek Studies" will rejoice to come upon the newspaper work of one of the most careful and artistic writers of the time, a man whose style was uneven and was at times overloaded and confused, but who had at command a singular power of reproducing the subtler aspects of the thought of other men and of other times, and of recalling both the men and the times with singular felicity and beauty. Lovers of Mr. Pater will be curious to know what he has to say on such

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subjects as "Browning," "Robert Elsmere," "Mr. Gosse's Poems," and they will find in this daintily made volume a kind of familiar expression of Mr. Pater's opinions of the subjects which are somewhat out of his field.

Mrs. A. R. Marble has edited, with notes and introduction, *Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History*. The introduction sets forth in an interesting way the time, the place, and the conditions in which Carlyle wrote this most characteristic of his works. The notes, of which there are about sixty pages, are not intrusive or offensively suggestive of ignorance on the part of the reader; they are judicious and suggestive. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Messrs. Ginn & Co. (Boston) have added to their very valuable Athenæum Press Series a *Selection of Poems* by William Wordsworth, edited by Professor Dowden. Professor Dowden's aim has been to gather in a collection of moderate compass Wordsworth's best poems in the best text. The volume includes nearly all the pieces which were chosen by Matthew Arnold for the selection issued in the Golden Treasury Series, with very considerable additions. The introduction is long, and, like almost everything which comes from Professor Dowden's hands, shows the largest literary scholarship and the broadest literary sympathies. It is an admirable account not only of Wordsworth's life, but of his relation to his age, the characteristics of his genius and its development, with comments on questions of classification and text, and on the prose works.

To the same series Professor John M. Manley, of Brown University, furnishes the first volume of the *Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama*, which is to be completed in two volumes, with a third volume to be devoted to illustrative and explanatory material. These volumes are intended to serve the purpose of students of English dramatic literature by putting in their hands works not easily accessible. The first volume opens, for instance, with a series of liturgical texts, which are followed by selections from the Norwich Whitsun plays, the Townley plays, Noah's Flood, Isaac and Jacob, Chester Whitsun plays, the Coventry plays, three of the Robin Hood plays, and other material of the same sort. These volumes gather up in a representative way the substance of a vast amount of dramatic activity in the prehistoric period before the English drama in its modern form was born. Nobody, however, can hope to understand that drama in its historical and literary development who is not familiar with the quality and aims of the crude plays upon which Professor Manley has drawn.

Mr. Frank P. Stearns, in *Modern English Prose Writers*, talks easily and pleasantly about Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin, Froude, George Eliot, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, and Max Müller. There is little of formal criticism, direct biography, or elaborate essay-writing here, but a good deal that is informative and some just characterization, together with many illustrative anecdotes. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL

Seven Puzzling Bible Books: A Supplement to "Who Wrote the Bible?" by Washington Gladden, is a vigorous, scholarly, helpful religious book. Dr. Gladden has a faith in the Bible not possessed by those who wish to keep the whole truth about it from being known by the people, and he has a faith in God not dreamed of by those who think the traditional belief in plenary inspiration centuries ago essential to religious life to-day. Fearlessly frank, absolutely direct, and with an eloquence which deep feeling gives to clear thought, Dr. Gladden has talked to his congregation of Judges, Esther, Job, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Songs, Daniel, and Jonah, as congregations all over the country must be talked to if faith in the pulpit or even faith in the Bible is to remain. An introductory chapter sets forth with clearness and power the only doctrine of inspiration found in Scripture, or accepted by those among whom or by whom the books were first written. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Philip Melancthon, by David J. Deane, is a readable life of Luther's younger coworker, written from the standpoint of indiscriminate hostility to the Church just prior to the Reformation, and equally indiscriminate satisfaction with it since. (F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

Genesis and Modern Science is an ingenious attempt to reconcile the literal statements of Genesis with the latest scientific theories. We are not concerned to follow or refute the argument in detail, for we do not hold the doctrine of the inerrancy of the Scriptural text in the sense taken by this author, Mr. Warren R. Perce. It is extremely interesting, however, to see how closely in point of fact the general order of creation as laid

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down in Genesis does conform to scientific evidence. (James Pott & Co., New York.)

Those who have been helped by the Interlinear New Testament will welcome a similar work now being prepared on the Old Testament. Volume I. of "A New Old Testament" is now ready, and three others are to follow. (Hinds & Noble, New York.) The present volume, edited by Professor Berry, of the University of Chicago and Colgate University, contains an interlinear translation of Genesis and Exodus, giving at the same time the King James and Revised Versions in parallel columns. The Hebrew text used is, for Genesis, that of Baer and Delitzsch; for Exodus, that of Theile. With these have been collated the Septuagint, the Peshitto, the Vulgate, the Targum of Onkelos, etc. Textual differences are shown by foot-notes. The interlinear translation is literal. Hebrew idioms, when intelligible to the English reader, have been preserved. As a further help to the student there are tables and explanatory statements of the Hebrew verb, also the Hebrew alphabet with the English equivalents.

Dr. James M. Buckley's *History of Methodism*, which was commented upon at length in The Outlook not many weeks ago, has been reissued in two handsome volumes by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

The Great Poets and their Theology, by Dr. A. H. Strong, President of the Rochester Theological Seminary, is a substantial volume which deals with the religious conceptions of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth, Browning, and Tennyson. In his preface Dr. Strong describes the essays which make up this volume as summer recreations. The choice of subjects and the point of view from which the subjects are approached would seem to promise solidity of treatment. (The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

NOVELS AND TALES

The Fourth Napoleon, by Charles Benham, is a too elaborate piece of imaginative history in which a commonplace and rather caddish young man turns out to be a "lost Napoleon" (the great-grandson of Napoleon I.), gets drawn into the maelstrom of French politics, and is for a brief time Emperor. In a way it is clever, and the detail is worked out with amazing minuteness, but 200,000 words is too long for a *jeu d'esprit*. The last part of this story is horrible and revolting. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)——*Chalmette* is a historical story by Clinton Ross, the scene being New Orleans just before Jackson's famous victory. The smuggler, privateer, and semi-pirate, Lafitte, is a chief character. The story has animation, but it is carelessly and hurriedly written. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

The appearance in literature of a genuine humorist is rare enough. Mr. W. W. Jacobs made a genuine success in "Many Cargoes" and in *The Skipper's Wooing* carries on the vein. His sailors are clumsy, blundering, good-natured fellows, who get into and out of the oddest scrapes in comical ways. The story is full of preposterously funny surprises. A short tale of the horrible fills out the book and affords a striking contrast. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

One of the best studies of Scotch village life ever published is Mr. Gabriel Setoun's *George Malcolm*. The author's "Robert Urquhart" was a good book, but the present novel is much better put together and has greater variety of character. It is not overpraising the book to say that it will compare not unfavorably with the best work of Mr. Barrie and Ian Maclaren. If the humor and pathos are a little less salient, they are quite as genuine, and Mr. Urquhart's villagers include some particularly well-drawn men and women of the hard, narrow, grasping type (F. Warne & Co., New York.)

A Queen of Hearts is a crudely written story of love complications and of an actress's life. The author is Elizabeth Phipps Train. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

Of *Unkist, Unkind!* by Violet Hunt, it may merely be said that the judicious reader needs nothing more than the title of the book and the given name of the "authoress" to warn him that it is trash to be avoided. The satisfaction of being able to think that such a useless story of frivolity, jealousy, and theatrical murder was at least not written by an American is moderated by considering that there is demand enough in this country for such "below-stairs literature" to warrant publishers in importing it and reissuing it in permanent and not inexpensive form. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The same publishers send us *Lorraine*, a story of the Franco-Prussian war, by Robert W. Chambers. Mr. Chambers has a facility, vivacity, and cleverness of expression which have won for him something of a reputation, and which in the present instance entitle his book to whatever praise the adjective read-

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able may confer upon it. But "Lorraine" is so theatrical and unlifelike a personage, and Mr. Chambers has written the account of her highly improbable adventures in such fiery red ink, that while he professes to have attempted a "semi-historical romance," we think a good deal of the story he has produced is simply semi-hysterical rubbish.

Anything from the pen of Mr. Sienkiewicz is worthy of a reading, but he is hardly at his best in *Let Us Follow Him*, a collection of short stories translated by V. A. Hlasko and Thomas H. Bullick. The title-story is an account of the Crucifixion as seen by Romans of culture and social position. It has some somber power, but is faint in color as compared with the brilliant and passionate "Quo Vadis." The other sketches are slight. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.)

The General's Double, by Captain Charles King, is a melodramatic story in which the reader's interest is sustained, not by the reality of the characters, but by the sensational situations in which they are placed. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

Fabius the Roman, or How the Church Became Militant, by the Rev. E. Fitch Burr, is a badly written historical novel treating of the period of the establishment of Christianity as the State religion. The author believes that the Church strengthened itself by abandoning its earlier tradition of non-resistance and employing the weapons of its persecutors. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York.)

Another story from the mountains of Tennessee by Charles Egbert Craddock, entitled *The Juggler* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), has just been published. It has a gruesome foundation. A piece of property is mortgaged for a period covering the life of a young man having not the slightest interest in either investor or owner, or they in him, outside of this transaction. The property includes a valuable marble quarry. The mortgagees have the capital to work the quarry; the owner has no money. The young man whose life limits the profits of the mortgagees finds his life of value to one set of men, his death an absolute necessity to one man. The espionage of the first set of men drives him to a determination to die to the world. He disappears in a moment of frenzy of irritation, without any definite plans. He appears in the mountains of Tennessee as a juggler, to find that his deftness of fingers makes him an object of suspicion to the mountaineers. The story has the usual background of this writer's novels and the familiar characters. The tragedy of the story is dramatically worked out.

The author of *Mona St. Claire*, Annie B. Armstrong (Frederick Warne & Co., New York), intends that her readers shall not lose the most insignificant movement or thought of her characters in a book of over 300 pages. The same house issue their annual volume from that most voluminous author, Silas Hocking. This last book is entitled *In Spite of Fate.*

A Story of the Sixteenth Century, by R. D. Chetwode (Estes & Lauriat, Boston), is a tale of intrigue and violence, beginning with the execution of Lord Lowedale, of Lowedale in Durham. It gives an account of the attempt to dispose of the rightful heir of Lowedale by the next heir to the title. The story is romantic, dramatic, and quick in action.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

After an interval of some years since the publication of the first volume of Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's *The French Revolution*, the second and concluding volume appears. From the publisher's circular accompanying the book it would appear that the author was Mr. Justin McCarthy, the author of "A History of Our Own Times," but in point of fact this, unless we are greatly mistaken, is the work of the son, Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy. The book shows great industry and a careful study of existing material, but it is not always written with a due sense of proportion, and the author's desire to seize upon the picturesque incidents often keeps him from giving due prominence to the relation of cause and effect. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

All professional singers, at least on the operatic stage, and a great body of amateurs, know that Madame Marchesi is one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, of modern singing teachers, who has the honor of counting among her grateful pupils such songstresses as Gerster, Melba, Calvé, Sanderson, Emma Eames, and others of like celebrity. She has now published, under the title *Marchesi and Music*, some reminiscences of her long and varied career as an artist and teacher, which, while light and gossipy and ephemeral, are full of interesting and entertaining anecdotes concerning famous composers and performers of music with whom she has been intimately thrown, ranging all the way from the story of the remarkable reversal in one night of public opinion concerning Rossini's "Barber

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of Seville" to the picture of the "highly intelligent and amiable" Princess Wittgenstein, who, to solace herself after her quarrels with Liszt, "used to lie stretched full length on her sofa, incessantly smoking strong cigars, and usually divesting herself of her silk stockings and black satin soleless shoes, a proceeding which displayed elegant snow-white feet, in whose beauty she seemed to take great pride." Not the least amusing thing in the book is the translation of the brief and perfunctory introduction which Massenet has been induced to furnish, but which adds nothing of interest to the volume except a facsimile reproduction of the composer's autograph. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Two handsome volumes uniform with their predecessors contain Mr. John Fiske's account of *Old Virginia and Her Neighbors*, this particular chapter of American history finding its place in Mr. Fiske's scheme between the discovery of America and the beginnings of New England. The scheme will be completed when the volumes on the Dutch and Quaker colonies in America appear. This work will receive further attention at an early day. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

POEMS

Poems of the Gospel, by Allen R. Darrow, are commonplace metrical descriptions of Scripture incidents, far more poetical as well as real in the original prose. The book is profusely illustrated. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)——Frankly, we see no reason whatever why the 235 pages of "conversations about the order of things and final good" by Josiah A. Seitz should have been put into blank verse. This is not saying that there are not sound sense and right reasoning in this book, *The Colloquy*. There are both, and the versification is fairly good also, but of *poetry* there is little or none. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)——*The Chatelaine*, by C. E. X., is a well-named collection of semi-poetic meditations on all sorts of things in nature and life. (The Peter Paul Book Company, Buffalo.)

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Outlook had occasion to say not long ago that Dr. Charles C. Abbott is not at his best in fiction. It is a pleasure to supplement that comment with the further statement that he is at his best in those short and familiar out-of-door studies which make up *The Freedom of the Fields* (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia), a well-printed volume which contains fifteen short studies written in a familiar way, with touches of humor, and with many intimations of a delightful and fruitful intimacy with the fields, the woods, and the birds. There are evidences of intimacy also with those out-of-the-way and very individual characters who are constantly found in small country communities—men in whom the flavor of out-of-door life makes itself evident in dress and habit and speech.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Mr. Everett T. Tomlinson, in *Washington's Young Aids*, tells a tale of the Trenton campaign, the book being the third in his excellent "War of the Revolution Series." Few boys' stories of this class show so close a study of history combined with genuine story-telling power. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.)——From the same publishers comes Mr. William Drysdale's *The Beach Patrol*. The author here gives a graphic picture of the Life-Saving Service in the well-informed way in which in former volumes he has written of a reporter's life and of railway postal work.——Mr. W. O. Stoddard adds to his already long list of books for boys *The Lost Gold of the Montezumas*. The title rightly indicates that this is a treasure-hiding and treasure-seeking novel, and the old theme of the Montezumas' hidden treasure is treated in quite a new way. The time of the story is that of the siege of the Alamo, and Bowie and Crockett are among the characters. The tale is exciting and well written. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

The Dumpies, by Frank Ver-Beck and Albert Bigelow Paine (R. H. Russell, New York), is a delightful report of a land where everybody grows short and fat. Most charming times do the small, broad people have, and they prove conclusively that fat people are good-tempered. The illustrations are as entertaining as the text, which is saying everything in favor of the book.——The same house publish *The Blackberries and their Adventures*, by Edward W. Kimball, a good story which is funny, but open to the charge of bad taste.

The One-Eyed Griffin, by Herbert E. Inman (Frederick Warne & Co., New York), is a collection of fairy tales, illustrated by E. A. Mason. The story that gives the title to the book tells of the powers of "Don't Care," "Won't," and "Can't," three giants that dwell in Gobble-Land.

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The Echo-Maid, and Other Stories, by Alicia Aspinwall (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York), is a story of two Scotch children, but the dialect is often a mere misspelling of words. The story is half fanciful and half real. The Echo-Maid materializes and does her deed of good, and the pot of gold is given to the mother. The Land of the Wee-Uns illustrates the same mixture of fiction and fancy, of the children of fairyland and flesh-and-blood children.

The Signal Boys of '75, by James Otis (Estes & Lauriat, Boston), narrates the adventures of three boys and their activities during the siege of Boston. It is written with a rare sympathy with boy life, and is a close study of the history of Boston during the siege.

Meg Langholme, by Mrs. Molesworth (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia), will find a waiting audience. This story is the life story of a little girl who has many experiences of joys and of sorrows. Meg tells that story to her grandchildren.——*Three Pretty Maids*, by Amy E. Blanchard (published by the same house), gives an account of three sisters and a gentle, wise mother. It is the story of three temperaments, with special stress laid on the curative properties—that is, curative in the moral sense of the word.——Three cousins are the heroines of a story by Laura E. Richards, entitled *Three Margarets* (Estes & Lauriat, Boston), Peggy, Rita, and Margaret. There are a secret staircase and a secret room which seem necessary to the carrying out of the plot of the story, the tragedy or climax of which is concerned with Cuban affairs.

Amanda M. Douglas has added to the long list of her books for girls *Her Place in the World* (Lee & Shepard, Boston), a story somewhat marred by an unloving marriage, a strong man mistaking sympathy, or allowing others to mistake sympathy, for love. The story is unhealthy in its tone.——*Elementary Jane*, by Richard Pryce (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), is the story of a girl who begins her career as Jennie Tandum in a music hall. "Elementary Jane" is a philanthropic angel to the people about her, and has her tragedy in an unworthy husband.——*The Angel of the Tenement*, by George M. Martin (Bonnell, Silver & Co., New York), is the story of a small child found on a doorway. The angel of the tenement proves to be a stolen child. The kindergarten plays its rightful part in the story of "The Angel of the Tenement," and all ends well and happy.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

A new edition of the Rev. Warren Burton's *A History of the District School as it Was*, edited by Clifton Johnson (Lee & Shepard, Boston), will prove an interesting volume of contrasts to the schools of to-day. An amusing essay entitled "The Supplication to the People of the United States" calls attention to common mispronunciations of fifty years ago, traces of which are found in remote New England villages to-day.

A most valuable addition to the books devoted to nature study, entitled *Nature Study in Elementary Schools*, has been written by Mrs. L. L. Wilson, Ph.D. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) This series of lessons in nature studies is arranged in harmony with the succession of the months. The weather, the birds, the plants of each month are considered and carefully described. The myths, stories, and poems of the poets and writers of all ages have been called on to add interest to these studies. Music is given its rightful place in the development of this series of lessons in nature. For instance, in the study for September, the child is introduced to what the winds bring by Stedman's "Stop, Stop, Pretty Water;" while from Whittier's "Child-Life" four songs on the wind and rain are taken, and four poems from Lovejoy's "Nature in Verse." The myths are represented in the story of Œolus, of Thor and his Hammer, of Aurora's Tears, of Iris, of the Palace of Alcinous. The book would make a capital text-book or guide for a club of little girls or boys who have but limited opportunities for this kind of study.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer speaks with the voice of authority on the subject of college training, especially college training for women. An address entitled *Why Go to College?* (T. Y. Crowell, New York) will be welcomed by many parents and daughters now trying to answer this question. The value of college training for women, and the kind of girl to profit by college training, are most definitely defined by the former President of Wellesley College.

MISCELLANEOUS

We have all become acquainted with the personal calendar, made up of 365 quotations selected by personal friends. A new idea has been carried out in *Love Messages*. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.) This is

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designed on a check-book plan. The check is a quotation from the Bible, or some author, to be sent to a friend, the stub recording to whom and when it was sent.

It is not for lack of direction that American women are not well dressed. Half sarcastically and half seriously has been written by Dorothy Quigley a book entitled *What Dress Makes of Us.* (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.) Many of the articles have appeared in the New York daily press.

It is natural that with the renewed interest in old furniture and china, in old laws, costumes, and customs, the histories of the old homesteads of this country should be written up. A charming little book of *Reminiscences of an Old Westchester Homestead*, by Charles Pryer (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), describes an old homestead at Pelham, N. Y., and is a loving account of the traditions and boyhood of the owner of this old homestead.

Books Received

For the week ending November 12

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA

Strong, Augustus H., D.D. The Great Poets and Their Theology. $2.50.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Shinn, Charles Howard. The Story of the Mine. $1.50.
Hough, E. The Story of the Cowboy. $1.50.
Dowden, Edward. A History of French Literature.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK

Burr, Rev. E. Fitch, D.D. Fabius the Roman. $1.50.

BONNELL, SILVER & CO., NEW YORK

Martin, George M. The Angel of the Tenement. 75 cts.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Love's Messages. 75 cts.
Palmer, Alice Freeman. Why Go to College?

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK

Quigley, Dorothy. What Dress Makes of Us. $1.25.
Aspinwall, Alicia. The Echo-Maid and Other Stories. $1.50.

ESTES & LAURIAT, BOSTON

Otis, James. The Signal Boys of '75. 75 cts.
Richards, Laura E. Three Margarets. $1.25.
Chetwode, R. D. The Lord of Lowedale. $1.50.

R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK

Let Us Follow Him, and Other Stories. By the Author of "Quo Vadis." Translated by V. A. Hlasko and T. H. Bullick. $1.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Wordsworth, William. Poems. Edited by Edward Dowden.
Manly, John Matthews. Specimens of the Pre-Shakesperean Drama. Vol. I.
Carlyle, Thomas. Essay on Burns. Edited by Charles L. Hanson.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Buckley, James M. A History of Methodism. 2 Vols. $5.
Chambers, Robert W. Lorraine. $1.25.
Hunt, Violet. Unkist, Unkind. $1.25.
Marchesi, Mathilde. Marchesi and Music. $2.50.
McCarthy, Justin H. The French Revolution. Vol. II. $1.50.

HINDS & NOBLE, NEW YORK

Berry, George R. The Interlinear Literal Translation of the Hebrew Old Testament. Part I. Genesis and Exodus.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Fiske, John. The Critical Period of American History. (1783-1789.) $4.
Fiske, John. Old Virginia and Her Neighbors. 2 Vols. $4.
Thoreau, Henry D. Walden. 2 Vols. $5.
Smith, F. Hopkinson. Gondola Days. $1.50.
Gladden, Washington. Seven Puzzling Bible Books. $1.25.
Craddock, Charles Egbert. The Juggler. $1.25.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON

Douglas, Amanda M. Her Place in the World. $1.50.
Burton, Warren E. The District School as It Was. Edited by Clifton Johnson. $1.25.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

Molesworth, Mrs. Meg Langholme. $1.25.
Stoddard, William O. The Lost Gold of the Montezumas. $1.50.
King, Captain Charles, U. S. A. The General's Double. $1.25.
Abbott, Charles C. The Freedom of the Fields. $1.50.
Blanchard, Amy E. Three Pretty Maids. $1.25.
Train, Elizabeth Phipps. A Queen of Hearts. $1.25.
Ross, Clinton. Chalmette. $1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Lang, Andrew. Selections from the Poets. Wordsworth. $2.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Carlyle, Thomas. On Heroes and Hero-Worship. Edited by Mrs. A. R. Marble. 80 cts.
Wilson, Mrs. L. L. W. Nature Study in Elementary Schools. 90 cts.

A. C. M'CLURG & CO., CHICAGO

Men in Epigram. Compiled by F. W. Morton. $1.

THOMAS B. MOSHER, PORTLAND, MAINE

Angelo, Michael. Sonnets. Translated by John A Symonds. $1.
Lang, Andrew. Helen of Troy. $1.
Swinburne, Algernon C. Atalanta in Calydon. $1.
Browning, Elizabeth B. Sonnets from the Portuguese. $1.
Field, Michael. Long Ago. $1.
Robinson, A. Mary F. An Italian Garden. $1.
Pater, Walter. Essays from the "Guardian." $2.50.
Pater, Walter. The Story of Cupid and Psyche. 75 cts.
Guérin, Maurice de. The Centaur and the Bacchante. Translated by Lucie Page. 75 cts.
Caroné, F. W. The Story Without an End. Translated by Sarah Austin. 75 cts.

THE PETER PAUL BOOK CO., BUFFALO

G. E. X. The Chatelaine.

JAMES POTT & CO., NEW YORK

Perce, Warren R. Genesis and Modern Science. $1.50

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Harland, Marion. Some Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories. $3.
Seitz, Josiah A. The Colloquy. $1.75.
Pryer, Charles. Reminiscences of an Old Westchester Homestead. $1.25.
Stearns, Frank P. Modern English Prose Writers. $1.50
Pryce, Richard. Elementary Jane. $1.
Davenport, William E. Poetical Sermons, and the Ballad of Plymouth Church. $1.50.
The Encyclopædia of Sport. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk, Hedley Peck, and F. G. Aflalo. Parts VII. and VIII. $1 each.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Murray, Andrew. Absolute Surrender and Other Addresses. 30 cts.
Deane, David J. Philip Melancthon. 75 cts.
Darrow, Allen R. Poems of the Gospel. $1.
Sell, Rev. Henry T. Bible Study by Doctrines. 50 cts.

R. H. RUSSELL, NEW YORK

Gibson, C. D. People of Dickens. $5.
Nicholson, William. An Alphabet. $1.50.
Drawings by Frederic Remington. $5.
Mayer, Henry, and A. B. Paine. The Autobiography of a Monkey. $1.25.
Munkittrick, R. K. The Slambangaree and Other Stories. $1.
Ver-Beck, Frank, and A. B. Paine. The Dumpies. $1.25.
Remington, Frederic. Calandar for 1898. $1.
Kemble, Edward W. The Blackberries and Their Adventures. $1.50.
Sports and Seasons. Calendar for 1898. $1.
Kemble, E. W. A Coon Calendar for 1898. $1.25.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK

Jacobs, W. W. The Skipper's Wooing. $1.

HERBERT S. STONE & CO., CHICAGO

Benham, Charles. The Fourth Napoleon.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., NEW YORK

Armstrong, Annie E. Mona St. Claire. $1.50.
Icelandic Fairy Tales. Translated and Edited by Mrs. A. W. Hall. $1.25.
Hocking, Silas K. In Spite of Fate. $1.50.
Inman, Herbert E. The One-Eyed Griffin and Other Fairy Stories. $1.50.
Setoun, Gabriel. George Malcolm. $1.25.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Munger, Rev. T. T. Character Through Inspiration and Other Papers. 50 cts.

W. A. WILDE & CO., BOSTON

Drysdale, William. The Beach Patrol. $1.50.
Tomlinson, Everett T. Washington's Young Aids. $1.50

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The Religious World

Daughters of the King in Convention

From a Special Correspondent

The Fifth Annual Convention of the Daughters of the King (Episcopal) has just concluded its session in the Church and Parish House of the Epiphany, in Washington. The order, which does a work among women parallel to that of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew among men, differs from other church organizations in that its work is essentially a spiritual one. Great stress was laid on this characteristic in the addresses at Washington. Bishops Satterlee, of Washington, and Coleman, of Delaware, as well as the other stated speakers, urged upon the Daughters a strict adherence to the two Rules of the Order—daily prayer for the spread of Christ's kingdom, and personal and loyal service in spreading that kingdom among women. From the reports from various sections an idea of the nature of this service could be gained. Welcoming and bringing strangers to church and parish; bringing children to baptism and confirmation; maintenance of Bible classes; sitting with invalids and children while their attendants went to church; and sustaining a Daughters of the King pew for strangers, were some of the many forms of work found successful.

The Convention proper was preceded by the Quiet Hours on Wednesday afternoon, November 10, and the Holy Communion on Thursday morning. Organization followed in the parish house. It was decided that the order should equip and maintain a permanent woman missionary in China, a determination which met with hearty approval. This was done in memory of Miss Lillie F. Ward, missionary to China, who recently died there, and whose letter asking for missionaries was read to the Convention. Although there was no one apparently ready to go as missionary, before the closing hours on Friday it was announced that a woman was found who stood prepared to go. The money for the purpose is to be raised during Self-Denial Week, which occurs at the end of the Epiphany season each year.

The value of a corporate communion was urged upon the order, it being asked that, wherever expedient, they should go to the Holy Communion on the third Sunday of each month. This has been found very helpful in the year in which it has been tried. A great advance in the work of individual chapters was noted, socials, fairs, and similar money-making devices being discouraged, as not suitable work for the Daughters of the King, however well adapted to other organizations.

Reports of the great though healthy growth of the order were most gratifying. There are now over 11,000 members, in 575 chapters. Chapters exist all over this country, and in Canada, the Danish West Indies, and Hayti; and wherever established they have been of great assistance to the rector, sometimes holding a parish together where there was no minister in charge, and forming always a loyal and devoted staff of women ready for any church work their bishop or rector may assign them.

The similarity of purpose of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and the Daughters of the King has led to a wish for co-operative meetings and services. Partly to advocate this fraternal spirit, the President of the Washington Council of the Brotherhood, Mr. B. Bryan, brought greetings to the delegates. Messages of congratulation were received from various States, and a telegram of love and greeting was sent to Bishop Williams. On Thursday afternoon President and Mrs. McKinley received the Daughters by card at the White House. On Thursday evening a great public meeting was held in the Church of the Epiphany, addressed by Bishop Coleman, and the Rev. Dr. E. A. Bradley, of St. Agnes's Chapel, New York, and Drs. McKim and Elliott, of Washington. On the election of the General Council for the coming year, Mrs. E. A. Bradley, the President, and other offices were re-elected.

The Convention adjourned late Friday afternoon with a solemn service of prayer and the benediction. The Convention of 1898 will be held in New Haven.

Death of Dr. Houghton

For many years the Rev. George H. Houghton, D.D., rector of the "Little Church Around the Corner," in East Twenty-ninth Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York, has

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been one of the most conspicuous figures in ecclesiastical circles in the metropolis. Dr. Houghton died suddenly November 17. He had been in excellent health up to within an hour or two of his death. He was born in 1820, and was ordained in 1845. For a time he assisted Dr. Muhlenberg; then was instructor in Hebrew in the General Theological Seminary. About that time he became deeply impressed with the views of the Oxford teachers and greatly interested in the Catholic revival. In furtherance of these views he organized the parish of which he has ever since been rector. It was very small at first, but under his ministry has grown to be large and influential. It received the name of the "Little Church Around the Corner" as the result of a remark made by the pastor of a church on Madison Avenue, who declined to allow the funeral of George Holland, the actor, to take place in his church. He added, "There is a little church around the corner where they might allow such a service." The service was held there, and since that time that church has been the one in which the funerals of many celebrated actors have been held. Dr. Houghton was a man of catholic sympathy, greatly interested in various charitable movements, and one of the most earnest and fearless ministers in the vicinity of New York. He had ceased to bear the responsibilities of his parish some time before his death.

Among the Baptists

If the reports from Chicago are correct, a storm is brewing among the Baptists of the United States. At the fifteenth annual meeting of the Baptist Congress in Chicago the subject "Is Baptism a Prerequisite to the Lord's Supper?" was discussed. Among the speakers were such eminent leaders in the denomination as Dr. O. P. Gifford, of Buffalo, Dr. R. H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, Dr. T. A. K. Gessler, of New Jersey, and Mr. Theodore M. Banta, of Brooklyn. All declared in favor of open communion. Their utterances were so significant that we give a few of them as reported in the "Tribune" of November 18. Dr. Gifford said: "We challenge the assumption that the New Testament does furnish us with the model of the Church; that the model of the Church was finished in Corinth or Rome or Ephesus; that the practice of the Church in the first century is a common law, and all departures from that practice sedition and anarchy. The essence of the Lord's Supper is in the power to discern the Lord's body. Immersed men who fail to discern the Lord's body do not observe the Lord's Supper. Unimmersed men who do discern the Lord's body do observe the Lord's Supper." Dr. Conwell, of Philadelphia, took the same position. He declared that not only is baptism not a prerequisite to the Lord's Supper, but, on the contrary, it is an ordinance peculiarly adapted to the needs of the erring and imperfect. Dr. Gessler declared that baptism is not even a Church ordinance, and the Baptists had no right to dictate who should sit at the Lord's Table. Spirituality, and not conformity to Church ordinances, he maintained, is the divine conception of the Lord's Supper. Mr. Banta said he had been a Baptist for forty years, and for sixteen years was a close communionist. He said: "I have studied the question carefully, and I have read all the close-communion tracts and tracts of the American Baptist Publication Society, and, as a consequence of my reading, have come to the conclusion that I have been wrong. I stand here to-night opposed to close communion. What is the purpose of the Lord's Supper? To bring to our remembrance the death, burial, and resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To do this it is not necessary that the communicant should first be immersed or baptized. It is not Christian, and when we insist to the contrary we mistake the shadow for the substance." We comment on this subject editorially on another page.

Dr. Berry's Addresses

The Rev. Charles A. Berry, D.D., of Wolverhampton, England, whose name has appeared in these columns more than once during the past few weeks, has finished his speaking in the vicinity of New York. On Sunday, the 14th, he occupied the pulpit of the First Congregational Church in Montclair, N. J., preaching in the morning and lecturing in the evening. He made a most profound impression by his earnestness, manliness, great ability and spirituality. As a pulpit orator he belongs in the very front rank. His sermon in the morning was on the contest between Satan and Jesus for the soul of Peter. It was dramatic, at times even thrilling, and yet intensely practical and spiritual. In the evening he lectured on the Federation of Evangelical Free Churches in Great Britain. All the free evangelical denomina-

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tions in that country are now federated in one great body. Their object is not only to secure disestablishment, but also to promote evangelistic service, to prevent the overlapping of churches in districts where overcrowding is already too common, to enable the churches to speak with one voice in favor of necessary reform, and in all ways to promote the common work in which the churches are engaged. Dr. Berry vigorously defended denominationalism for the work it had done, but with equal vigor declared that the day had passed for separation and that the day for co-operation had already dawned. This address ought to be heard in every great city in our country. One of the best things in Dr. Berry's address was when he showed how the Nonconformist churches in England are now able to make their will heard in the councils of the Government in favor of International Arbitration. He also brought out another fact that was a surprise to some of his hearers; namely, that the combined forces of Nonconformity already far outnumbered the Established Church. On Monday, November 15, Dr. Berry spoke twice—before the Federation of Churches in New York, where he again described the Federation movement in England; and before the Congregational Club, to which he brought the greetings of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, of which he is Chairman for the current year. Last Sunday he was in Chicago, and the number of engagements which were made for him indicates that he has been kept quite as busy in the West as in the East. Next Sunday he is to be in Boston, and the Sunday following in Washington. He sails for home the 8th of December. It may be of interest to many who are seeking to secure his services to know that his time is fully occupied and that it will not be possible for him to make any further engagements. Favorably as Dr. Berry has been known in the past, it is no exaggeration to say that his public utterances and his bearing as a man during this visit have greatly multiplied the number of his friends, who will hope for another visit from him in the not distant future.

The Death of Dr. Stoughton

Those who remember the Evangelical Alliance which met in this country in 1873 will recall the cultured and gracious English pastor and preacher who was one of the most conspicuous figures at those meetings. At the advanced age of nearly ninety years the Rev. John Stoughton, D.D., died in London on October 26. For thirty-two years he was pastor of the Kensington Congregational Church, in which the Rev. C. Silvester Horne is now his successor. He was one of the most prolific writers on all subjects pertaining to the history of his denomination and to Puritan times. For many years he was editor of the "Evangelical Magazine," and for twelve years Professor of Historical Theology and Homiletics in New College, London. He was a warm personal friend of Dean Stanley, and a man whose ability and scholarship were the common possession of English-speaking Christians.

A Great Loss

The Fourth Congregational Church of Hartford has suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Charles H. Johnson, its Musical Director. Mr. Johnson occupied a peculiar position. The church which he served, appreciating the work which he was trying to do, had ordained him as a servant of Christ to lead the worship of the church. He made the musical part of the service one of the most effective means of spiritual culture. His four years in that position more than justified the theory and relationship upon which it rested. We refer to Mr. Johnson, not because he was widely known, but because of the peculiar service which he rendered. He believed that music should be made to serve spiritual ends, and the church believed that the man who conducted it so as to make it serve such ends was worthy of as distinct recognition as the preacher and pastor. It therefore ordained him to a Gospel ministry. The theory was a true one, and it will be well for our churches when the same character and manhood are required in those who lead the worship as in those who minister at the altar.

The Bishop of Rhode Island

The diocese of Rhode Island is greatly to be congratulated upon the fact that the Rev. W. N. MacVicar, D.D., rector of Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, has at last decided to accept his election as Bishop of that diocese. Both in New York and Philadelphia Dr. MacVicar has done a large work in the churches whose pulpits he has filled. He was a warm personal friend of the late Bishop Brooks, of Massachusetts. He possesses those peculiar qualities of mind and

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heart and manner which win many friends and bind them to him with gold chains. His service in Philadelphia has been of the very best, and the papers of that city are unanimous in voicing the regret of the people not only of his own church and communion, but of all the community, at the prospect of his going from them. He will be a worthy coadjutor and successor to the venerable Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island.

Bishop Doane's Address

Bishop Doane, of Albany, has recently delivered an address whose echoes ought to reach to the remotest parts of our country. In that address he has expressed his mind in a very vigorous and worthy fashion concerning the Jingo spirit which is so common in the United States. He shows that it is the result of ignorance and the narrowest and most unworthy partisanship. He contrasts the spirit of England toward this country with that found in many quarters of this country toward England, and especially contrasts the habit of our public men to seek cheap applause by unworthy utterances concerning the mother country. Bishop Doane is thoroughly informed on the subject concerning which he speaks. His words are true. The greatest absurdity in the life of this country is the prevalence of the spirit of Jingoism, which, happily for all concerned, seems now to be rapidly subsiding.

From Portland, Oregon

The First Congregational Church of Portland, Oregon, which is one of the representative churches of the country, and which is made doubly prominent at the present time by the fact that the next National Council of Congregational Churches in the United States is to be held with it, has been passing through a period of very severe trial. Just before the recent panic began it erected a beautiful church edifice, one of the finest on the Pacific coast. At the time of its erection its people were easily able to pay for it. Hard times, however, changed the conditions. The struggle to keep the building and pay for it has been severe, but, owing chiefly to the generosity of two of its members, and later the timely help of the Church Building Society, the debt has been reduced so that it is no longer a serious incumbrance, and the church is now able to undertake the great work for which it is so admirably fitted. Portland is one of the most beautiful cities on the American Continent. Its citizens have largely gone from New England. There is every reason why this church should exercise a commanding leadership on the coast. It has been prevented from doing so only by the stress of financial circumstances. With the relief which has now come to it, and under the pastorate of the Rev. A. W. Ackerman, its future seems to be assured. It will now welcome the National Council with a brave heart and with a greeting worthy of the city and the denomination.

The Ordination of Mrs. Ballington Booth

If any woman in America has proved that she is worthy of ordination to the Gospel ministry, that woman is Mrs. Ballington Booth. Such was evidently the opinion of all who were present at Carnegie Music Hall on Monday evening last, November 22. The great auditorium was thronged. Mrs. Booth was ordained by the Volunteers of America, according to their forms and with their special service, although representatives of other Christian bodies took part in the exercises. Ordaining prayers were made by the Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, of the Evangelical Alliance, and by the Rev. Dr. Amory H. Bradford, of the First Congregational Church, Montclair, N. J., while the Rev. Dr. David Gregg wrote a letter in which he said that "Mrs. Booth's ordination was of the Lord." The actual ordination service was that of the Volunteers' Manual, and was conducted by Commander Ballington Booth, assisted by Brigadier-General Fielding and Colonels Hallimond, Merrill, De Barrett, and Gardner. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew acted as chairman of the meeting, and made an interesting speech, in which he said:

> Some people can be reached only by incense and devotional ceremonials, others by didactic sermons, and still others by noise. I have sympathy for the people who can be reached only by noise, for it takes a bass drum to stir the gray matter in some brains. I believe in uniforms, too. There is something about a uniform that lifts a man up and inspires him with self-respect. The Volunteers are doing a good work. I believe it is not only God's work, but the work of our country.

Whatever the opinion generally held concerning the regularity or expediency of the ordination of women, we are persuaded that there will be little difference of opinion concerning the wisdom of the action which recognized Mrs. Booth as a worthy minister of our Lord Jesus Christ.

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Correspondence

Is It the Passing of Spain?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The article in The Outlook, "The Passing of Spain," by Elizabeth M. Howe, while containing a very large proportion of truth, is so sweeping in its condemnation, so wholesale in its arraignment, that it cannot be accepted by any fair-minded student of Spanish affairs, or by any one who regards the Spanish people with any intimate knowledge of their character and capacity, however it may appeal to the very natural prejudice against everything Spanish that has been aroused by the course of that country in relation to Cuba. Thoughtful consideration will show that the faults which have worked such woe for Spain are more institutional than racial in their nature. They are chiefly due to the survival of Orientalism in public administration, which in Spain has been retained by the practical isolation of the country and its cutting off from direct contact with the influences that have made for progress in other parts of the world. It is precisely this Orientalism that has been transferred to our own enlightened country, and disgraces the administration of our American cities by the institutions of which Tammany is the prototype—the methods of the city boss being in all essentials those of the Oriental Sultan and his official household. The plundering, the exploitation, of the common people by public officials and bosses are at the root of Spanish decadence, as they are at the root of municipal degradation in this country. Croker and Platt, Quay and Martin, Gorman with his Baltimore gang, and the Chicago plunderers whose creature Tanner is, are but American versions of Weyler, whose loot as Governor-General of the Philippines amounted to four million dollars, and who has evidently been battening upon Cuba's misery in similar fashion.

The outlook for Spain can be by no means so hopeless as the writer in The Outlook sets forth. It will be a blessing to Spain to lose her colonies, and with them one of the main incentives for the perpetuation of her system of public robbery. It should be remembered that it is hardly more than a century since England pursued practically the same policy in regard to her own colonies and lost the best of them in consequence. The desperate condition of Spanish finances will necessitate a revision of the national fiscal policy. The country will probably be shaken by a great political convulsion, but necessity will doubtless draw attention to the possibilities lying in the exploitation of the magnificent natural resources of the country and their development by modern methods in place of the exploitation of the pockets of a penniless population.

The Spanish are one of the most virile of peoples. Their noble traditions of literature and art persist, and endow them with an unquenchable intellectual vitality. The wisdom and the humor of Cervantes pervade the national consciousness as Shakespeare has saturated the thoughts of the English-speaking race. The Spanish peasant speaks in sage old proverbs. The Spanish drama, Spanish fiction, and Spanish painting are to-day actuated by the freshest of impulses. In contemporary literature Spain stands the peer of Russia and the Scandinavian countries in the breadth and altitude of the modern spirit. Men like Valdés, Galdós, and Valera rank with the great novelists of the world, Echegaray is a master dramatist, and in Emilia Pardo Bazan Spain has not only one of the greatest of living novelists, but the greatest woman novelist who has yet lived. A country that can make this showing is far from decadent. There must be a popular soil to produce such growths.

All Spanish cities outside of Madrid and Seville are not falling into decay. Cordova may be a tomb of past greatness, but Barcelona is growing and flourishing like one of our young Western giants among the cities. The Spanish are renowned for their mercantile integrity, their commercial probity. In this they are like the Chinese, as they are also like them in their appalling official corruption. It is singular that such opposite traits should go together in a people. But there is hope for Spain, as there is hope for China.

In this age great natural resources cannot long go undeveloped. The rich mineral treasures and the rich agricultural lands of Spain must soon respond to the call of the twentieth century, knocking at the gate of ancient Iberia. This cannot be done without

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a pervasion of the people by the spirit of modernity. And then we shall see a genuine Spanish renascence. S. B.

Education in a Democracy

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"The Function of Education in a Democratic Society" is President Eliot's recent theme. It is indeed the extreme of arrogance for an untutored rustic to question such eminent authority. With his theories of education, its processes, and its results upon individual character we have no concern. But his historical illustration is unfortunate. That education should confer "the power to draw a justly limited inference from observed facts" is axiomatic; but the slogan "sound money," used last year, was not one whit less illogical or less deceptive than the opposing cry "free silver." Never before in all American political history were the real issues so obscured as in that campaign; but President Eliot's error is in assuming all the blindness to be on one side. The explanation is that the issue was new, and the people had not time to grasp it. The cheerful acceptance of the verdict is the compensating feature.

President Eliot's deductions are open to criticism in at least two points: that in a democratic society education should inculcate respect for and obedience to expert opinion; and that it should teach to expect and to submit to unequal conditions. In his own words, "inequalities of conditions are a necessary result of freedom." Without questioning the desirability of these sentiments in a well-ordered and stable State, it is enough to remark that they are the corner-stones of aristocracy; and aristocracy is from democracy as far removed as the east is from the west. President Eliot, consciously or not, is the exponent of an ideal aristocracy—a government over all by the best, for the good of all. We are not here to compare the merits of such a government with the one now existing among us; but let us never attach to it the label democracy.

The function of education in a democratic society is to qualify each and every citizen for the duties of sovereignty—to teach that citizen, first, love for, next loyalty to, then how to apply in his personal life and in public functions, truth and righteousness. The problem of a democracy is to co-ordinate in all social relations these multitudinous sovereigns. J. G. O.

A Thanksgiving Hymn

By R. W. Raymond, Ph.D.

God of the fathers! show their sons
Where Thine almighty purpose runs;
Give strength and wisdom ever new,
Thy word to hear, Thy will to do!

Our soldiers lead, our rulers guide;
In happy hearts and homes abide,
And bid Thy glory ever shine
Upon this nation that is Thine!

Make Thou its sunrise flag to glow
Triumphant over every foe,
And brighter still, when wars shall cease,
To shed the morning gleams of peace!

Thou hast delivered; Thou wilt keep
While generations wake and sleep.
Ever with Thee they stand, who stand
To guard for Thee the fatherland!

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. Can you help me to the meaning of the Bible statements, "God hardened Pharaoh's heart;" "Jacob have I loved; Esau have I hated"? 2. I am anxious to make a study of the four general forms of Christian thought—Catholic, Arminian, Calvinistic, and Unitarian. Could you recommend any books? Can you recommend any books on the study of (*a*) Philosophy and (*b*) Poetry? 4. What is the meaning of the expression used by St. Paul, "saved as by fire"? Can it mean that a Christian may have no good works worthy to remain after God's test has been applied? 5. Give a list of the (*a*) chief Homiletic Magazines published in America and Britain; (*b*) the works of Dr. W. Gladden.

"VERITAS."

1. The only sense in which the first can be true is that, while the man himself plants the seed, good or bad, it is God who causes it to bring forth after its kind. The second text, as originally given in the Book of Malachi, refers to the fact that Esau was assigned a much less desirable country than Jacob. The contrast is poetically figured as if in such an allotment God loved one less than the other. 2. Dr. Schaff's three-volume work, "The Creeds of Christendom," is the best thing for this. 3. For the history of philosophy, Erdmann; then Royce's "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy," Sterrett's "Studies in Hegel," Fairbrother's "Philosophy of Thomas Hill Green." For poetry see Stedman's "Lec-

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tures on the Art of Poetry." 4. See full answer to this, September 18. "Through fire" (R. V.) is a reference by comparison to one who escapes through flames, losing in the wreck all but himself. 5. The "Homiletic Review," the "Preacher's Magazine," and the "Treasury" (New York), the "Preacher's Assistant" (Reading, Pa.), the "Preacher's Helper" (Fredericksburg, Va.), "Cut Gems" (Troy, N. Y.), are all that we can hear of in this country. The first mentioned is the chief. In Great Britain there is the "Homiletical Quarterly." 6. "Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living" ('68), "From the Hub to the Hudson" ('69), "Workingmen and their Employers" ('76), "How to Be a Christian" ('76), "The Christian Way" ('77), "The Lord's Prayer" ('80), "The Christian League of Connecticut" ('83), "Things New and Old" (sermons, '84), "The Young Men and the Churches" ('85), "Applied Christianity" ('87), "Parish Problems" ('88), "Burning Questions" ('89), "Who Wrote the Bible?" ('91), "Tools and the Man" ('93), "Cosmopolis City Club" ('93), "Ruling Ideas of the Present Age" ('96), "Seven Puzzling Bible Books" ('97).

1. In The Outlook of October 30 "C.," a Presbyterian pastor, says that the session of a Presbyterian church has no right to ask a candidate for membership anything besides personal faith in Jesus Christ. This may seem to be very broad and liberal. It is liberal, at the expense of consistency. It is a well-known fact that theological teachers in Presbyterian seminaries are required to teach predestination, preterition, and other tenets of their Confession, and that the preachers are required to believe them; but according to "C." the members are not required to believe them. That is to say, the doctrines of the Confession are very good for the teachers and preachers; but they are either not good for the members, or they are to them matters of indifference. 2. Please name one or two books that throw light on the problem "How to lead souls to Christ."

R.

1. As to this objection two things may be said: (*a*) the teaching of certain tenets which a large and influential part of the Church has been endeavoring to eliminate from the Confession is generally understood as either not imposed or imposed in a modified sense; (*b*) the distinction made between preachers and church members in the matter of required belief is as rational as that between teachers and pupils in a school. 2. Dr. Abbott's "How to Become a Christian" and Dr. Gladden's "How to Be a Christian" are such. The problem is one of indefinite variety, according to the variety of the mental and moral conditions of all sorts of people, from children to skeptical philosophers. For a book of different type from the above named see Dr. van Dyke's "Gospel for an Age of Doubt."

1. Has Protestantism been able to lay down any principle of limitation to the use of symbolism in religion? If water, wine, and bread can, according to Christ's ordinance, strengthen the spiritual life through the senses, why may not crucifixes, pictures, and statuary be used in the same way? 2. How does modern theology regard the Calvinistic theory of backsliding?

I. G. M.

1. We are not aware that any hard and fast limitation has been established. Whatever symbolism actually nourishes spiritual life in any soul, its *raison d'être* for that soul as circumstanced is thereby vindicated. What is superfluous to one is not therefore to be deemed useless for another. The reintroduction of Christian art in glass into the windows of churches of Puritan lineage is suggestive. 2. You refer to the doctrine that the truly regenerate person will never backslide beyond recovery. The view generally held, as we understand it, is that the theoretical possibility must be admitted that spiritual life, once awakened, may decline and expire; yet that this possibility diminishes with the growth of spiritual life until, practically viewed, it is reduced to zero.

1. What is the Universalist doctrine of everlasting or eternal punishment? 2. Are so-called orthodox churches leaning towards the Universalist view of the question? 3. What is the New Testament doctrine on this subject? 4. Define Sanctification. 5. What is the baptism of the Holy Ghost?

INQUIRER.

1. That it is such retributive suffering in the eternal world as will result in the recovery of all who are its subjects to final well-being and blessedness. 2. Not as churches, though it is so with a number of individuals, while others, perhaps more, prefer the idea of conditional immortality. 3. You must ascertain that from the New Testament; we can only state our view of it: viz., that immortality is an achievement, not an endowment; evil self-limiting, not endless, and its retribution determined by the principle, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." 4. Growth in holiness through the imitation of Christ. 5. The pervasion of the soul with the spirit of Christ.

Is the average of wages paid to employees in the factory and on the farm higher or lower than fifteen and twenty years ago? Is the higher rent that mechanics have to pay in industrial

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centers for houses equalized by the lower price they have to pay now for provisions and clothes as compared with fifteen and twenty years ago?
W. F. H.

Owing to the marked decrease in factory wages and farm earnings since 1892, laborers in both city and country are receiving less money than fifteen years ago, when prices were higher for everything except city houses. The rise in rents has probably not counterbalanced the fall in the prices of food and clothing. If wages were the same, the wage-earners' comfort would be greater.

Please advise me what books to get to become thoroughly familiar with Buddhism, its history and practice, its philosophy and religion. Who the publishers of such books are, and their prices, will save time for me. J. N. M.

Professor T. W. Rhys-Davids's "American Lectures on Buddhism" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, $1.50); Dr. R. S. Copleston's "Buddhism Primitive and Present" (Longmans, Green & Co., New York, $5); Sir Monier Williams's "Buddhism in Connection with Brahminism and Hinduism, and in its Contrast with Christianity (The Macmillan Company, New York, $5.25); R. Spence Hardy's "Eastern Monachism" (Williams, London; about $3).

Can any one tell me the author and poem from which the inclosed lines were taken?

"He speaks not well who doth his time deplore,
Naming it new and little and obscure,
Ignoble and unfit for lofty deeds.
All times were modern in the time of them,
And this no more than others. Do thy part
Here in the living day, as did the great
Who made old days immortal! So shall men,
Gazing long back to this far-looming hour,
Say: 'Then the time when men were truly men:
Though wars grew less, their spirit met the test
Of new conditions, conquering civic wrong,
Saving the State anew by virtuous lives,
Guarding their country's honor as their own,
And their own as their country's, and their sons';
Defying leaguèd fraud with single truth,
Not fearing loss, and daring to be pure;
When error through the land raged like a pest,
They calmed the madness caught from mind to mind,
By wisdom drawn from old, and counsel sane;
And as the martyrs of the ancient world
Gave Death for man, so nobly gave they Life:
Those the great days, and that the heroic age.'"
A. L. D.

The quotation about which "J. M. C." asks is such a favorite of Robert Vokes, the venerable proprietor and publisher of the "Independent Church Messenger," that he keeps it standing in his paper, as follows: "'I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow-creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.' Edward Courtnay, Earl of Devonshire, was the author of the above beautiful sentiment, which was engraved on his tombstone."
W. O. R.

About People

—It is authoritively announced that the recent statements about Count Tolstoï's health have been much exaggerated. All he is suffering from is a tumor in the cheek, which, though it causes him a good deal of inconvenience, is not of a dangerous character. There is at present no necessity for an operation.

—It is stated that the blood of Cromwell still runs, through female lines, in the veins of the following well-known persons: The Marquis of Ripon, the Earls of Chichester, Morley, Clarendon, and Cowper, Lord Amthill, Lord Walsingham, and the Countess of Rothes. Among commoners who can claim kinship with Oliver is Sir John Lubbock, M. P.

—Mr. Gladstone, writes the "Mere Outsider" of the London "Speaker," continues to take as keen an interest as ever in all that is passing around him, and is full at present of the "Life of Tennyson." Physically he is beginning to show those signs of advancing age from which he has hitherto been so wonderfully free. He walks but little, and finds the ascent of even a moderate hill an exhausting tax. But in all that belongs to the intellectual life he is as bright and as much on the alert as ever.

—A celebration was recently held in Pontoise, France, for the coachman Georges, who gained such renown in Paris for his bravery for saving lives at the bazar disaster in the Rue Goujon. There was a banquet and a public meeting, with speeches (from which Georges escaped at the earliest opportunity), and a presentation of a gold medal to him.

—To celebrate the jubilee of the Emperor Francis Joseph next year there will be a new theater built in Vienna, or rather in the neighborhood of Vienna, for the site chosen is on the Kahlenberg, a small mountain much resorted to by the Viennese in the summer. It will be called the Popular Theater, and will be open only in summer. There will be two performances a week, and it will have from six thousand to eight thousand seats. The prices will be astonishingly low, orchestra chairs costing 10 cents, but possibly it will be

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all the performance will be worth, as the entire company is to be composed of amateurs.

—Ex-Governor Ramsey, of Minnesota, despite his eighty-two years, is a conspicuous figure on the streets of St. Paul, and on the platform at almost every important public meeting in that city. When Mr. Ramsey went to Minnesota there were not more than twenty-five hundred people in the entire Territory, a Territory which embraced almost all the country between Wisconsin and the Missouri River, including the present States of Minnesota, North and South Dakota.

—Mr. George Dudley Seymour, of New Haven, will soon give an interesting relic to Yale College. It consists of the double doors of the house of the Rev. William Russell, of Branford, Conn., where in the year 1700 the trustees of the future Yale College met and presented forty books, each trustee as he laid the volumes down saying, according to the tradition, "I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony." The original house was built in 1675, and was bought by Mr. Russell twelve years later. It was torn down in 1835, but the doors were secured and kept in a garret by Mrs. Mary E. Russell Mann, of Branford, a descendant of William Russell, and from her they have been obtained by Mr. Seymour, who will have them handsomely framed and presented to the University, possibly in 1901, in connection with the two hundredth anniversary of the founding.

—In the life of Whittier it is told how in the days of the Civil War an old Quaker, from the New Hampshire hills, came down for an interview with the good poet. This Green Mountain disciple of Fox was the owner of a sturdy lot of oak-trees. The Government had set its eye upon them, and wanted to buy them. The Quaker knew that the purpose of the bargain must be to get timber for the new war-ships that were building. He hardly knew whether a sale for such a purpose was consistent with the gospel of peace. Whittier, either seeing that the man's mind was pretty thoroughly made up to the bargain, or else considering that there was such a thing as pushing a good creed too far, would only say: "Well, friend, if thee dost sell any timber to the United States, be sure that it is all sound." The oak from that Quaker's farm was in the Kearsarge when she fought the Alabama to the finish.

Bits of Fun

THE NEW JOURNALISM

Sixty-nine pages of rubbish,
Twenty-two pages of rot,
Forty-six pages of scandal vile,
Served to us piping hot.

Seventeen hundred pictures—
Death, disease, and despair—
Lies and fakes and fakes and lies
Stuck in 'most everywhere.

Thirty-four sad comic pages,
Printed in reds, greens, and blues;
Thousands of items we don't care to read,
But only two columns of news.—*Life.*

"Do you think that stimulants would hurt me, doctor?" "Not if you leave them alone."—*Detroit Free Press.*

In a Scotch family, living in the parish of Dr. Norman Macleod, a member of the household was taken seriously ill, and the minister of the adjoining parish was sent for. He did not recognize the mistress of the house when he arrived. "You do not attend my church?" he said. "No; Dr. Macleod's," was the answer. "Then why did you not send for Dr. Macleod?" asked the minister. "Send for Dr. Macleod!" exclaimed the woman; "did you think we would risk Norman with typhus fever?"—*Exchange.*

She had never been to a dinner-party before, and so was a bit nervous. When the ices came, small cakes were passed with them. Most of the cakes were covered with pink icing, but on the further side of the dish was one coated with chocolate. "I will take this," she exclaimed, and attempted to pick up the cake. To her surprise it seemed glued to the platter. At the same time attention from all quarters was centered on her by the remark of the sable waiter, "Beg pardon, miss; but that's mine." The supposed chocolate cake was his thumb!"—*Boston Home Journal.*

In the first number of the "Atlantic Monthly," forty years ago, Ralph Waldo Emerson had a poem called "Brahma," which puzzled both critics and common readers. Some said it was the greatest poem of the century; some said it was nonsense. The first verse ran as follows:

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

That winter it happened that a relative of the poet Longfellow, living in another State, bought a sleigh, and in a family letter to the cousins in Cambridge there was a wail lest the January thaw which had followed the purchase should keep them from enjoying the gay cutter that season. When the letter was answered, Longfellow contributed this verse, which, it is said, has never been printed before:

TO —— ON THE PURCHASE OF A SLEIGH

If the red sleigher think he sleighs,
Or if the sleighin' think it is sleighin',
They know not well the subtle ways
Of snow, that comes—and goes again.

—*Buffalo Commercial.*

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For the Little People

The Minstrels

By Herbert Randall

They are tuning up their fiddles to the most
bewitching strain,
Getting ready for the Autumn Jubilee;
They are singing in the meadows, and they're
singing in the grain;
Mr. Hopper-Grass is limb'ring up his knee.

Don't you hear his banjo tumming? now he's
drumming with his toes.
Hear that fellow with a wheezy bagpipe
trill!
If you find him you can tell him by the gog-
gles on his nose,
And his dicky, with a little yellow frill.

Hear that organ-like crescendo, with its trem-
ulo, prolong!
Mr. Harvest-Fly is trying every stop.
What a weird diminuendo, like the kitchen
kettle's song,
From the locust spinning on a mullein-top!

A ventriloquist is calling with his soft, green,
filmy wings,
And I doubt if you can tell me where he's
hid;
It's a fact beyond denying that his sweetheart
never sings,
Though he will insist upon it *Katy-did.*

There's a little chirping cricket, telling riddles
you don't know;
Note how suddenly he stops to let you
think!
But I fancy should you ask him just the day
to look for snow,
The philosopher could tell you in a wink.

Now they're playing all together—timbrel,
harp, and taboret,
In the goldenrod, as happy as a king.
Bumblebee, in knickerbockers, tries to dance
the minuet,
While a merry beetle pipes the "Highland
fling."

Pussy's Strange Bed

All over the country recently we have been holding elections. That means that the voters of the country have been voting for the men they wish to govern them. There are always two, and sometimes more, candidates for each office. The ballots having the names of the candidates are dropped into a ballot-box, and after a certain hour they are counted in the presence of several men; then all are put into a large box, and sealed for the final decision as to who was elected. There might be a dispute, and then the ballots would all have to be counted again. In one of the smaller cities the Board of Elections counted the ballots in a certain ward, put them in the box, and sealed the box. The box was in a store where the voting had been done. The next morning strange sounds came from the box. Everybody was astonished; the sounds indicated great distress. It was against the law to open the box. That must be done by the authorities.

The box must remain sealed until the final decision as to the election. The sounds increased, and the men became excited. Legal advice was sought. At last it was decided that the box might be opened in the presence of witnesses. It was done. Out jumped a cat. The contents of the box were a sight. Pussy, in her efforts to get out, had scratched the ballots to pieces.

If the election is disputed in that ward, they will have to have a new election. There are no ballots to be recounted.

Ward's Football Party

By Ruth Virginia Waite

I wonder how many of the little boys and girls who read this paper ever have had, or have been to, a soap-bubble football party. My little neighbor, Ward Grant, recently had one, and invited ten of his friends. He and his chum, Roy Reynolds, tell me they never had such a "jolly time" as they did that afternoon—not even on the Fourth of July or circus-day. This surprised me very much, for I always thought little boys were just as happy as they could be when they had plenty of fire-crackers and toy guns, or when they could see an elephant and lots of trained animals; but it seems I am mistaken. Now, if they had so much fun at the party, I do not see why some other children cannot have just as much, if I only tell them about it, and if their mothers will help them as Ward's did. To each

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of the guests she wrote, inviting them to come at three and stay until seven, thus giving them a nice long afternoon; and you may be sure all accepted and came early, fearing to lose any of the good time they felt sure they were going to have. Two long tables were ready for them, one in the large hall and the other in the parlor; these were covered with dark woolen cloth, and placed at one end were two sticks about a foot apart, with fancy glass balls on top. At the other end of the table were two low, sparkling glass bowls; these contained a mixture of fine soap, soft water, and glycerine, the latter to make the bubbles tough and last longer. Each of the players was provided with slender horns instead of pipes; then each in turn blew a good big bubble and let it float down and light on the table. After all had a chance, each player began to blow his bubble gently toward the end of the table and between the two goal sticks.

This was extremely exciting, and when they became too noisy, Mrs. Grant had to insist on less noise. For some of the boys it was hard work to try to keep quiet, especially when two bubbles hit each other and burst; then the owners had to leave the game and watch the others, until some one was lucky enough to blow the bubble between the sticks and win the game. They all enjoyed themselves so well that they were sorry when it was supper-time, or were until they saw the table, with all the flowers and dainty refreshments. Roy said "it was just as swell as if prepared for grown-up people." They had chocolate with whipped cream, lemonade, sandwiches cut in diamonds, hearts, and squares, candies, and delicate cakes; but what pleased them most of all were the orange-baskets filled with jelly. After supper they had a merry time blowing bubbles and playing games; then all went home, feeling that it had been a pleasant afternoon.

An Original Boy and a Goat

By Mary Allaire

Everybody said he was "original." That means that he did everything somewhat differently from other boys of his age. Those who knew him best wished many times that he was not original, and that he would not do things quite so unlike other boys of his age.

He had a goat, and it was a question sometimes which was the more original, the goat or Bob, if being original meant doing unheard-of things.

Bob's father was an editor, and he piled books, papers, pamphlets, and manuscripts everywhere, on tables, chairs, floor, in his study. It was a crime for any member of the family to go into that room and move anything. Bob's originality was curbed when he went there; it was rather singular that it was the only place where Bob's originality was curbed.

The piazza was several steps above the lawn. Bob thought it great fun to have Billy—I wonder why Bob's originality did not show itself when he named his pets?—as I was saying, Bob thought it great fun to make Billy run up the steps, or climb up, as quickly as he could, and jump to the lawn. The first time he did it was the day after the piazza had been painted, and Billy's hoofs left evidences of Bob's originality. Bob suffered that time, and it was some days later when he tried the same original game. His father and mother were out, and Bob and Billy had run and jumped from every conceivable place. At last the piazza became a mountain, and the climbing began. It was great fun. Just as Bob was scanning the roof of the piazza with his eye and trying to decide whether it were a possible mountain, accessible by the stairs and window, he heard Ned, who lived up the road, whistle. Billy was on the top of the mountain—that is, the piazza. Bob ran to see what Ned wanted. Billy looked after him with a disappointing glance and waited. It was a long time for an active goat to stand still. Billy showed his originality. The front door was open, and Billy looked in. Nothing interesting to a goat was in sight. A door at the left stood slightly open. Billy pushed it open. What a feast! A beautiful story was on the edge of the desk waiting to be put in an envelope to send to a great magazine for children. Billy ate the story. He did not know it was a story; it was just paper to Billy.

When he stood there wondering if he could eat any more, there was the sound of carriage wheels, and Billy walked calmly out to see who had come. There was a quick exclamation, and a man with coat-tails flying went into the study.

Billy, still contented and happy, felt himself caught by the horns and dragged toward the barn. It was two weeks before he was free again, and then he was free only an hour.

"Bob's originality is all that we can stand roaming free about this place," was what Bob's father said.

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The Home Club

The Temperature in Our Houses

At a meeting of the American Public Health Association recently held in Philadelphia a paper was presented by Dr. Henry J. Barnes, of Boston, upon "The Lack of Proper Humidity of Indoor Atmosphere." Dr. Barnes demonstrated his theory most effectually by exhibiting what he called a humidifier. This is a galvanized iron water-tank which covers the register in the floor, the tank occupying one-half of the humidifier. Felt suspended from brass rods over the exposed hot-air surface of the register is kept wet. When the condition of the windows shows that the atmosphere is too humid, the strips of cotton felt are removed from the tank by an adjustment of the rods, and dried by the hot air from the register until the atmosphere of the room again shows the need of more moisture. Dr. Barnes claims that a temperature of 65.3 degrees with the evaporation kept the rooms perfectly comfortable; that without this device the same rooms required a temperature of from seventy to seventy-one degrees. The humidifier, then, became an economizer of coal. He states that the evaporation was from two quarts to two gallons of water per day. The hydrometer shows that our rooms depart very widely from the normal temperature out-of-doors. Dr. Barnes has made investigations in hospitals, as well as private houses, and is convinced that one of the sources of malaria, catarrh, and throat diseases is the artificial dry air in our rooms heated by hot-air furnaces. He claims that indoor atmosphere should always approach as nearly as possible the normal. He calls attention to the fact that one can be out-of-doors in June in medium weight of clothing with a temperature of sixty-five degrees and a normal humidity of from sixty-five to seventy-five per cent., and be perfectly comfortable; but that in our artificially heated and ill-ventilated houses in winter with heavy clothing we require at least five degrees more of heat to be comfortable. Dr. Barnes said:

> Breathing an atmosphere that, by action of a natural law, robs the mucous membrane of the moisture so necessary to the preservation of its secretion, must impair the integrity of the tissue, and give a favorable soil for the development of the infected organism. The frequent failure of the vocal organs of public speakers and singers may be the result of breathing excessively dry air. If the air be too dry, the lining membrane of the lungs, throat, and mouth may be deprived of its necessary moisture so rapidly that an uncomfortable degree of dryness and even inflammation may be induced.

"Ventilation" was recently the subject of the Domestic Science Department lecture of the Brooklyn Institute. The lecture was given by Mrs. Etta Morse Hudders. Mrs. Hudders gave a very simple test to determine the purity of the atmosphere in any room. Carry a bottle filled with water into a room; pour out this water slowly into another vessel, and put in its place an ounce of lime-water. If this lime-water becomes turbid from contact with the air in the bottle, the air is not pure. It is a well-known fact that it requires more heat to heat a room that is not well ventilated than one that is well ventilated. The ideal house is provided with ventilating flues. When this is not possible, an open chimney is the best ventilator. Next to that is a board inserted in the lower part of the window, which allows the air to come in between the upper and lower halves of the window. Mrs. Hudders condemned the use of carpets and woolen draperies. That the American people live in too warm an atmosphere in winter is generally acknowledged. but the evils are now being so well and carefully pointed out by specialists, and the increase of the general knowledge of the American people in the last few years in the art of living has been so great. that there has resulted a great improvement in the health of the American people.

An Educational Analysis

Dr. William T. Harris has been giving a series of lectures in the Teachers' College, Morningside Heights, New York City, which are most valuable; the last one especially so—"The Philosophy of Education." Dr. Harris divided education into three periods, which he called the Elementary, Secondary, and Higher. The first, or elementary stage, is the opening of the five windows of the soul. Arithmetic, Dr. Harris believes, is the foundation of the knowledge of nature, the instrument by which we measure and count all things inorganic. When the child has mas-

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tered this principle of measurement it seeks to combine the inorganic and the organic, and we then have elementary geography. The child is brought into the knowledge of the distribution of animals and plants, and begins to get glimpses of the organization of things. The third step is when he learns to read and write, and gets a glimpse into literature. The whole vocabulary of the child deals with commonplace things. The school vocabulary initiates the child into a higher class of words expressive of finer and higher thoughts, and through literature the child adds to his own vocabulary that of great writers. Dr. Harris declared literature to be the greatest educator that we have. The secondary education continues the study of inorganic nature, organic nature, and literature, which Dr. Harris classified as an education of the heart; grammar and logic is of the intellect; history is of the will; the study of Greek and Latin, he believed, lifted the veil and showed the child the threads running through the history of human progress, Greek revealing the æsthetic art and its philosophy and the higher forms of human freedom, Latin revealing the development of law, and Hebrew of religion. Elementary education, Dr. Harris summed up, is a mere inventory; the secondary compels reflection; and the third or higher education, the unity and comparison of all that has been learned.

Physical Training

The announcement this fall that the Freshmen at Yale are compelled to do two hours' work a week in the gymnasium under direction is one more evidence of the recognition by educational authorities of the close relation between the mind and the body. Dr. Edward M. Hartwell, Director of Physical Training in the Boston public schools, delivered an address before the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, in which he likened the body to a communal structure, a federal union of tissues and organs. He divided human life into three stages. First, that of evolution or immaturity, which is the period for development, increase of functional powers, and storage of energy. Second, that of maturity, or completed development, when growth and development proceed slowly until they cease; this period becomes also a period of productive activity and expenditure of energy. Third, that of the period of dissolution or decline, when there is an excessive expenditure of energy over the cumulative or productive activity. The first of the three stages of human life subdivides itself into what Dr. Hartwell calls three periods: First, from birth until the eighth year; games and gymnastics during this period are good, but should be easy and elementary. The second period is from the ninth to the end of the sixteenth year; this period is the one of growth in height and weight. Physical education during this period should be varied, and can be more complicated than in the previous period; but all feats of strength or endurance should be avoided. The third period of the first stage of human life exists from the beginning of the seventeenth to the end of the twenty-fourth year, and this is the period for active athletics and gymnastics; it is a period of development mentally and physically.

Dr. Hartwell stated that education as at present organized is traditional, but he believes there is reason to hope that it will become a science based upon the science of human nature. The problems of education he called problems of evolution, and the new education will be conceived and ordered as a biological science, and the teacher will be an efficient co-worker with nature, and "the child will develop naturally and grow into a healthy, vigorous, intelligent, active, God-fearing citizen of the world."

A Place Found

The Outlook published a communication in the Home Club in a recent issue from the owner of some school-books who wished to know where she could send them to have them do the greatest good. The West Side Settlement, 453 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, can make use of school-books. Address the Library.

Rest

In a paper on "Rest," given last June before the American Medical Association, the lecturer stated that in childhood nutrition must exceed waste in order that the child may grow. In age the waste usually exceeds the nutrition, as the body is wearing out. In the middle period of life there should be a fair balance between waste and repair. In explaining rest the lecturer defined it as a change of exercise rather than a cessation from exercise. The lecturer lays great emphasis on the value of sleep as the repairer of waste.

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